

## Plant your Feet by Justclaude

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Harringrove, M/M, Please read this I'm a really good writer, billy and steve, dk if i will finish it, doing this instead of a level coursework oops, jk (no but really), not finished, sorry i tend to get bored, this is nice, wow i got further than i thought

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Bob very briefly, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, OC- Audrey (she's really cute you'll love her), Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things), basically everyone, poor bob - Character

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

“Steve! Are you coming or not?”

A nondescript member of Steve’s team calls from the corridor outside of the locker room. He hadn’t meant to stare. He wasn’t really aware that he was staring until he was jerked out of it by the coaches whistle from the gym.

# 1. Heterosexual showering with other naked boys

“Steve! Are you coming or not?”

A nondescript member of Steve’s team calls from the corridor outside of the locker room. He hadn’t meant to stare. He wasn’t really aware that he was staring until he was jerked out of it by the coaches whistle from the gym. It was shirts against non-shirts as always but the new guy was an eyeful and as distracting as they come. He wore his bare chest like a exotic bird wears its plumage. Like by owning a softly chiselled torso he was somehow proving himself to the other boys.

To some extent, Steve thought to himself as he pulled his eyes away from the boy, he was. He was proving himself as the most ripped, the most athletic, the most impressive to look at. Steve found this somewhat emasculating considering he was meant to be the alpha male of this school, but after the whole Nancy situation he guessed his reputation really couldn’t have fallen more from grace.

He had noticed Tommy being very friendly with this guy and that made him jealous. That, he supposed was a fairly natural response to watching your ex-best friend get pally with someone else. The bit that truly perplexed him was the fact he wasn’t jealous of this guy, he was jealous of Tommy. He truly wanted this guy to like him.

“Hargrove, Harrington! Get out here!” The coach shouted.

“Come on then, Harrington. Lets see if you’ve got as much fire in you as they say.” He stalked out of the changing room, winking at him as he went and Steve had to fight down a smile.

The game went as usual, Steve was second best on the court due to Hargrove fully whooping his ass. He spent exactly 20% of his time on his back, winded after Hargrove managed to trip him up with no further passing comment than “I told you to plant your feet, Harrington.” After losing the game 3-1, Steve was just pleased that the one shot the shirts managed to get was won by him and therefore considered the game a partial success.

Showering had been Steve’s least favourite part of his athletic career since he was a freshman, but as long as you kept your eyes to yourself and focussed only on what your body was doing, it usually passed quite uneventfully. Steve was far from insecure about his body. He had a lean build and a well built frame without being too bulky. However, he really did not understand those with exhibitionist

tendencies. As far as he was concerned, clothes existed for a reason and that reason was to be put on.

Hargrove was clearly an exhibitionist and had no problem letting his eyes wander, much to Steve's discomfort. He could feel the boys eyes running up and down his side but chose not to confront him, hoping the lack of a reaction would lead to a loss of interest. He realised, however as he reached for the soap that it was just Tommy, Hargrove and himself left and whilst he would rather not be alone with these two individuals in such a vulnerable state, he would be damned if he didn't wash the suds out of his hair.

"So, princess," Hargrove taunted, leaning into Steve just slightly too close. "Hear you're meant to call the shots around here."

"Ha! Good one, Billy." Tommy called from the other side of the faucet. "Maybe last year, but King Steve couldn't even take down Byers so princess fits just fine."

Steve continued to wash out his hair as Tommy grabbed his towel and strolled out of the shower room.

"Pretty boy like you has nothing to worry about." Billy whispered into Steve's ear. Steve glanced over to catch Billy slowly licking at his bottom lip. "See you in trig." He says jovially as he saunters out without a towel. Steve washes the last of the soap from his arms, grabs his towel and turns off the water, still slightly baffled by Billy's body language. It could have been intimidating if his voice hadn't been so soft, but otherwise it came across as flirtatious and that just couldn't have been the case.

## 2. Leaving your Gates unlocked for strange men out of pure curiosity

It was just Steve's luck that he happened to share all but one of his classes with Billy, that class being Physics. Therefore, Physics went past blissfully quiet and Steve was allowed for the first time in hours to allow himself to feel bored. Every now and then Billy's words would slip through his mind and Steve would feel the slightest pang of unease at the thought of going to trig in less than an hours time.

"Harrington, see me at the end. I need to discuss something with you." Mr Birch didn't look angry as much as he did slightly concerned. At the end of the lesson Steve approached him.

"You wanted to see me, Sir?"

"Yes, Steve you have seemed a little distracted as of late and we both know you need to concentrate to do your very best so I've decided to give you a little bit of extra work and see how you do. If need be I'll ask someone in the year to give you a hand if that sounds helpful."

"Yes, Sir, whatever you think is best." Steve agreed through gritted teeth. There was no point trying to fight it and Mr Birch was probably right. Everything that had happened the last year was no doubt having an effect on his school work.

As he walked into his trigonometry classroom, he was late.

"Sorry, Sir, I was talking to Mr Birch."

"Sit down Harrington, quickly now." Mr Fitzwilliams hurried him into a seat. The only free seat in the entire classroom. Front right. Right in front of a Billy Hargrove, no less. Steve rolled his eyes and leant over to retrieve his textbook. Fitzwilliams began his hour long lecture on something to do with triangles whilst Steve felt two eyes burning into the back of his still damp head.

As Fitzwilliams turned to the blackboard, a ball of paper landed on Steve's desk. Steve unravelled it, already knowing who it was from and read the note scribbled in blue biro.

"If you want a good time, leave your front gates unlocked."

"Well," Steve thought to himself. "That's not ominous at all." Somehow, even though the whole situation was ludicrous, with his parents out of town and a sense of morbid curiosity, Steve knew he would leave his gates unlocked this evening.

### **3. School boy spends afternoon fantasising about physics and men**

Steve opened his front door with a little more vigour than was probably necessary, dropped his bag and coat at the bottom of the stairs and flew up to his bedroom. After a solid five minutes of hyperventilating he straightened up and took a deep breath. His bedroom was tidy but very bland. Except for a single poster of Toto and his line of sports trophies, his room could have been any 18 year old boy's.

His double bed had boring blue and white striped covers, his walls were a boring cream, his carpet was a boring beige, his belongings were all boringly put away where they should be. Perfect for bringing home girls. Tidy and clean enough to show off, boring enough to keep their attention on him. Not the sort of place you bring Billy Hargrove.

"Wait, why am I worried about that? Not like anything's gonna happen. Not like I want anything to happen. Not like I should even be thinking about anything happening." He breathed to himself as he strolled back down the stairs. "This is so stupid. Why am I even nervous? I should just lock the gates and be done with it." He knew this was all futile, he'd already made up his mind. The gates were staying unlocked, just to see what would happen.

Steve grabbed his bag and settled at the dining room table to do the work Mr Birch had given him earlier that day. "Listen, Harrington," he told himself "you are not gonna lower yourself to physics tuition so just sit here and do this work and then eat something and forget about Billy whilst you do that."

Steve was fairly sure he'd got enough of the questions right to get a passing grade so stuffed the work back in his bag and let himself go to the fridge. His mother always got him enough stuff in to last double the length of his parent's trip. They'd been leaving him alone since the age of 12 so he didn't even get lonely anymore. He quite liked having the whole house to himself. It made girlfriends a lot easier and generally teenage life was a lot more simple when you didn't have to factor in your parent's opinion of things.

Steve really did not have much of an appetite so made do with a weird cheese pastry thing his mother had brought in. It was fine, if a little dry from being in the fridge for a week. It was only just five

o'clock, not even dark yet, and Billy had been very vague about what sort of time the "fun" would start so he was at a bit of a loss of what to do.

He thought about taking another shower but this seemed a bit like overkill considering his hair was still wet at the ends from after gym that morning. He opted instead for taking off his heavy shirt and jumper and replacing it with a much lighter t-shirt. He changed his socks to ones with no holes in and took off his belt from his jeans. Then he decided to tidy up a little. He picked up his coat from the floor in the hall and hung it on its appropriate hook, wiped up the pastry crumbs from the dining room table and took his bag and shoes upstairs.

With it still only being dusk outside, he plonked himself in front of the television and stared mindlessly at the news flicking up in a multitude of colour. Steve remembered as a kid the television being in black and white and then the excitement he felt when his father had brought home their first colour one. His mind had been blown. He still wasn't entirely sure how it worked and he was okay with allowing the magic to remain.

At some point in time, Steve found himself on his bed, laid out reading a book about, well, something. He really hadn't been paying attention. He glanced over at the clock. It was now 9 pm. "Well," Steve thought, "he's not coming. Probably just as well." Then he saw the headlights outside his window and the roar of an engine.

## **4. Californian hottie makes out with cute gay virgin twink**

As soon as the sound had started, it stopped. Then the squeak of his front gates opening. Steve put down the book and wandered over to the window, far back enough to be out of view. Billy was sauntering towards his house like he owned it. He had a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, a denim jacket over his dark red shirt gaping open over his gold chest and long pendant. His hands were stuffed into his tight jeans and he had a smirk on his face like he had Steve exactly where he wanted him. Steve had stupidly left the door on the latch. "Why the fuck did you do that you complete idiot" He swore at himself. Billy disappeared into Steve's porch and then Steve heard his front door click open. "What the fuck is going on." Steve breathed as he rounded his bed and opened his bedroom door to a raised eyebrow from Billy Hargrove.

"Hey there, Harrington. Nice of you to leave your door open for me." He pushed past Steve and spread himself across the bed.

"Why are you here, Billy?" Steve said with slight annoyance at Billy's mucky boots on his sheets.

"Fun. I already told you, Harrington."

"What does that mean?" Steve asked, exasperated at this point.

"You really have no idea, do you?" Billy put his cigarette out on Steve's bedside table and regarded him for a few seconds.

"No idea, no. Enlighten me." Steve crossed his arms and watched as Billy got up, ridded himself of his jacket and sauntered up to Steve, backing him right into the door frame. Steve's arms dropped to his side. "What's happening?" Steve asked once more.

"I told you twice already." Billy said as his hand slid around Steve's waist. "Fun." He breathed against Steve's mouth before closing the distance between them and softly kissing the corner of Steve's lips.

Steve was completely frozen. Billy's gay? Billy has a crush on him? Billy wants him? What? What the actual fuck? Steve broke off the one sided kiss. Very slowly, he put his hands to Billy's chest.

"Billy," He said tentatively. "I think you thought that would clear up all my questions." Billy's hand fell from his waist but he didn't take a step back. "Honestly, it's only confused me more."

"Hm. Okay. That could have gone worse." Billy said to no one in particular.

"Billy, I'm not gay." Steve said quietly.

"Do you want me to leave?-"

"No." Steve said quickly. "Just, uh, just talk to me." Billy pushed off the wall, turned, and paced away from Steve.

"Ah, fuck." He stopped and rubbed his face with both hands. "I keep forgetting this isn't Cali. God I miss California. People there are a bit more fluid. I keep forgetting I'm in the back of nowhere Indiana. It's been so long since I've touched a dude. Sorry, I shouldn't have come."

"Don't be stupid." Steve said approaching Billy's back. He tentatively set a hand on Billy's shoulder. "Come on, lets get a beer. I'm not gonna let you leave thinking you've done something wrong."



## 5. Cutie gets off with older man in gay bar

Steve had met precisely two gay people he knew of in his entire life. One was his Uncle Justin who lived with a man named Kevin and the other was a lesbian bar woman who would sneak him a beer without ID as long as he tipped her well. All things considered his experience with the gay community had been nothing but positive.

Steve led him downstairs and into the kitchen. He retrieved two beers from the fridge and handed one to Billy. "Listen, this is a small town. So don't worry, I'm not gonna tell anyone you're into dudes."

"I'm into chicks too." Billy said as he lit up another cigarette and saddled a chair.

"Now that's just greedy." Steve smirked as he took a swig and Billy sniggered.

"Yeah well, not when there is literally no other dude fucking dudes in this goddamn town. And the chicks round here are nothing special either. Apart from your girl." He took a long drag from his smoke.

"She's not mine. We broke up."

"Sorry about that."

"Don't be." Steve shrugged it off. "I'm not." He paused a second.

"How'd you know you liked both?"

Billy grinned around his cigarette. "Desperate for a drink one night, ran into this bar." He took a swig from his beer as Steve settled down on the counter top. "Turns out it was a gay bar. How was I to know? Not like there was a big neon sign outside saying "Slim Jim's" in rainbow colours." He huffed out a laugh. "Anyway I go in and it just smells of men and sweat and leather. But I think to myself might as well get what I came for which is neat whisky for a low price. And this place is the real deal, man like there's dudes grinding on each other, topless dude behind the bar, drag queen on the stage, the works." Steve raises an eyebrow at how open Billy is being with him. "The barman is all "hey sweet cheeks, what can I get you?" and I flirt back cuz y'know I'm in their space. Least I can do is show 'em a good time" He grins at Steve. "Three doubles in, this dude comes up next to me and pays for my drink. Looks a bit like you, actually. Lots of hair, brown eyes. Maybe a little taller," He winks before continuing. "I get very drunk. I'm dancing with this dude, I'm making out with this dude, I'm in a stall with this dude and he sucks me off and honestly, Harrington, I've never been more turned on."

“Huh.” Steve places his empty beer on the side as Billy gets up and takes two more from the fridge.

“That answer your question, Harrington?” Billy pops the lid off the beers and passes one to Steve.

“Just about.” Steve answers.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(d'ya like my titles? I'm aware they're awful but they make me laugh lol)

## 6. Topless dudes get hot and heavy

“Man, California sounds like quite the place.”

“I dunno man. Got me here, didn’t it?”

“What do you mean?”

“My dad caught me with a dude. Saw me makin’ out with this dude I didn’t even know the name of. Beat my ass and dragged us all the way out here.”

“Shit dude that sucks.”

“Does it?” Billy leans against the fridge and catches Steve’s eye. “View’s just as good.” Steve blushed down into his bottle. He feels Billy’s breath on his neck and then his mouth on his jaw. “Come on,” Billy breathes. “Just for fun. Nothing else. You tell me when to stop.” Steve feels his head roll back as Billy traces light kisses round his jaw and down onto his neck. He places his beer down on the side and puts his hand on Billy’s shoulder. “Is that a yes?” Billy questions.

“Yes, now shut up.” Steve didn’t really know what he was doing but he assumed Billy would take the lead and he could just stop this from happening when he began to feel uncomfortable. Just for fun. Just for fun. Just for fun. He spreads his legs as Billy pushes between them, cupping Steve’s face. Steve’s hands find Billy’s waist as Billy finds Steve’s mouth with his own. “This is really nice,” Steve thinks. “Maybe I like both. I’d be okay with that. Especially if it’s always like this.” Billy steps back.

“Lets go somewhere slightly more comfortable. I don’t wanna make out with you in the kitchen.” Steve slides off the counter and plants a wet kiss to Billy’s mouth as he begins to undo the buttons on Billy’s shirt, walking them both backwards into the living room and falling back onto the couch. Billy rips off his shirt and peels off Steve’s before reconnecting their mouths. Their crotches rub together as Billy’s strong biceps hold him above Steve. Steve allows his hands to wander across Billy’s bare chest, his hair falling over his hot shoulders. Billy’s right hand begins to fiddle with the button of Steve’s jeans.

“Woah there, buddy. Lets keep it above the waist for now, yeah?” Billy smiles and nods down at Steve.

“Whatever you want, princess.” He buries his face into the crook of Steve’s shoulder and begins sucking and biting lightly at the sweet spot of Steve’s neck. Steve’s whole body goes to jelly as Billy leaves a

trail of marks down his neck and Steve plants his hands deep into Billy's soft hair.

Time seems to melt away as the two of them writhe together for could have been minutes or hours. When the clock on the mantle chimes it's eleven and then the doorbell rings.

## 7. Boys, interrupted

Billy unattached himself from Steve's neck and proudly grins at his extensive work. "Well well well, Harrington. I had no idea this was gonna be a threesome."

"Shut up, idiot," Steve chuckled as he threw his t-shirt back on "and put your shirt back on."

"I don't think I will, actually. And that's no way to talk to a guest." Steve rolled his eyes and padded over to the front door. He looked through the peep hole.

"What the-" Steve swings the door open to a beaming smile from Dustin Henderson. "Dustin, what the heck are you doing here? You any idea what time it is?"

"Oh hi Steve, got company?" Dustin said pointing at Steve's neck.

"Yes, actually so get lost." Steve closes the door behind him to stop anyone nosey from peeking round the corner.

"Steve, whoever you've got back there cannot be as urgent as this." Dustin holds up a yellow and black striped box with something throwing a fit inside.

"I don't know what this is, Dustin, but why have you brought it to me?"

"I think it's from the upside down and I don't wanna freak anyone out. We don't know what sort of biology we're talking about here. I can't exactly take it to animal control can I?" Steve huffs out a breath and reluctantly opens the door.

"Okay. But if I let you in you promise you will not embarrass me, nor will you speak of this to any of your little friends, especially Mike. I don't want this getting back to Nancy."

"What are you on about?" Dustin said walking in past Steve. "You two broke up this is fair game righ- OH." Dustin stared into the living room to see a topless Billy lightning up a cigarette. "Hi." He smiled, wriggling his eyebrows at Billy.

"Shut the fuck up, Dustin." Steve said throwing Billy's shirt at him. "Put some clothes on, their's children present."

"I need another beer." Billy stands and walks out, not before firmly slapping Steve's ass.

"Billy? Really? Out of every dude in Hawkins you choose to get freaky with Billy Hargrove?"

"Dustin. Why are you here? Tell me or get out."

"Well, I found this." Dustin presses a button on the side of the box and the lid flips open. "It was in my trash." Inside the box is a small, green and orange slug-like creature with two lizard-like legs.

"What the fuck, Dustin? What is that thing?"

"I don't know, but I'd bet its from the upside down given all the weird slime shit it's covered in. I called him Dart."

"You named it?"

"Why not?"

"Because that's fucking insane, dude. It's not a pet. You can't keep it."

"What the fuck?" Steve and Dustin look up to see a now partially dressed Billy standing in the doorway staring at the slug thing with a cigarette hanging from his bottom lip.

## 8. Steve Harrington, Amphibian Enthusiast, Slut

“Uhhh it’s uhh it’s my pet polliwog.” Dustin quickly closed the box and put it behind his back.

“It’s your what?” Billy asks in slight disgust.

“My pet polliwog. He’s called Dart.”

“And you brought that thing to show Steve at 11 pm on a Thursday for what reason?”

“Uhhh he’s an...amphibian enthusiast...he’d never have forgave me if I didn’t show his straight away. Anyway. I should really be going.” Billy let Dustin past, looking at Steve with a look of pure confusion. “Bye Steve, I’ll let you know if there are any developments.” And then the door slammed and they were alone again.

“Amphibian enthusiast, huh?” Billy began to chuckle which turned to a laugh which turned to side splitting laughter. Steve went bright red. “Stop, it’s not even true. I hardly know the kid. Billy. Billy. Billy, stop laughing at me. Seriously Billy its not that funny. I don’t even know what a polliwog is. Billy. Billy stop.” He began to laugh too and soon they were both unable to stop. With tears running down both their faces, Billy plants a wet, deep kiss on Steve, allowing his tongue to linger on Steve’s bottom lip. Then they were in comfortable, warm silence, still in each others arms, sides still aching, face still wet from tears of laughter.

“See you tomorrow.” Billy said as he walked backwards until he was out of reach from Steve and then left. Steve stared at the doorway, listening to Billy’s car drive away.

“What just happened?” Steve said quietly. He paced slowly upstairs, still feeling a bit tingly. As he dropped onto his bed he stripped himself of his jeans and t-shirt once again and flopped down onto his pillow. Billy’s jacket still was slumped on the floor, looking back at him with expectation.

“Well now I have to talk to you tomorrow, I guess. What a shame.” Steve smiled to himself as he clicked off his lamp and fell asleep in his boxers.

## 9. Teenage boys make each other sweat

As Steve pulled into the student parking lot, he looked around for the telltale blue of Billy's car. When it was clear he hadn't arrived yet, Steve left the denim jacket on the passenger seat and made his way into the school. Steve was miles away when he got to his locker and didn't notice someone talking to him until they tapped him on the shoulder.

"Steve? You okay?" Nancy said, clutching her textbook to her chest.

"Oh, uh yeah I'm fine. Sorry, late night."

"Obviously." She gestured to Steve's neck and smiled knowingly. Steve had experimented with multiple shirts that morning trying to cover up as much of the hickey trail that went from just below his right ear all the way to his left collarbone. Unless he wore his hood up, at least some of the bruising was visible so Steve had settled on a conservative collared shirt and left it at that. People would assume he had a new girl and he was okay with letting people wonder. Not Nancy though. He felt like he owed her an explanation, but the truth was out of the question.

"Haha, uhh yeah..." Steve rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, struggling to string together a believable lie. He had nothing. Maybe he could tell Nancy he fell down the stairs or he had a rare blood infection or...no, best not say anything at all. "Anyway, I've got gym first, better rush else I'll never get a locker."

"Oh okay. See you at lunch?" She called after him. Steve nodded and smiled before taking off in the opposite direction.

When Steve got to the locker room he was early, very early. The first bell hadn't even gone yet but he took this opportunity to get changed into his kit as quickly as possible. His gym shirt showed off half the trail and he wondered what Billy would say when he arrived.

Steve was alone in the locker room for what felt like eternity. Eventually other boys began to trickle in. No one spoke to Steve, just nodded in acknowledgement as they passed him. When the coach came in, he looked tired and not someone to argue with, so when he informed Steve that his team was shirtless this time, he didn't have the heart to talk back. He whipped his shirt off and blushed as a cheer of cat calls washed across the room.

"Who's the lucky lady, Harrington?" A random student called from the other side of the room. Steve turned to see Billy walk in, already



smirking, already winking at Steve before he'd even registered the comment.

"Nice trophies, princess." Billy taunted as he pulled his shirt off over his head and replaced it with his gym one. Steve blushed and walked into the gym, trying not to listen to the babbling and conspiracy theories about his new love interest.

Steve's first real surprise of the day came in the form of Billy whooping his ass in basketball. Apparently, a shirtless make out session does not mean Steve was gonna get an easier life from now on. If anything, it seemed like Billy was going out of his way to make the game as difficult for Steve as possible. The coach didn't seem to notice the numerous fouls Billy was planting as he pushed and shoved at Steve throughout the match. A draw of 2-2 was the best Steve could ever have hoped for so left the court feeling a sense of achievement.

"Good game." Billy murmured into Steve as he walked past, accidentally on purpose brushing their shoulders together.

"I still have your jacket." Steve murmured back.

"You can give it to me tonight." Billy said with a wink. Steve stopped and watched Billy disappear into the showers. That tingle was back and excitement threatened to surface. In response Steve jogged into the showers himself.

Billy seemed to totally ignore him the rest of the day, not even making eye contact in the corridor. Any half-hearted attempt Steve made to get his attention went totally unnoticed. Whatever was going on, Steve was completely baffled.

## **10. All ancient greeks were raging homos and so is Billy Hargrove**

The gates remained unlocked for a second night. Steve had no idea what Billy was talking about, nor was he given the opportunity to clarify, so he just assumed that that night would be the same as the night before. Now that he knew what to expect, Steve allowed himself to think about it. Last night he'd asked to keep it above the waist, mostly due to the shock of the situation as a whole. Steve was not kinky. Sexually he was very, very boring. At least, he'd always been satisfied with conventional heterosexual sex acts. He and Nancy had slept together exactly 5 times in their entire relationship. She was easily distracted and Steve didn't want to make her uncomfortable so he waited for her to initiate things. As a result, he ended up jerking off more often than he cared to admit. How would sex with Billy even work? As far as he was concerned his exits were staying exits. But if Billy felt the same then that really limited their possibilities. He decided not to worry about it and instead decide to discuss that with Billy if the scenario arose. He was sure he was making grand assumptions. No reason for him to assume that Billy would even want to sleep with him, let alone get worked up over hypothetical logistics.

Steve heard the engine before it was even dark that evening. He was sat in the kitchen finishing up his homework as Billy let himself in and took the chair opposite.

"Hey, princess. That the chemistry I haven't done?"

"Probably. Have you ever handed in a piece of chemistry work in on time? Beer's in the fridge."

"Never," Billy admitted as he got two beers out of the fridge.

"Anyway, science isn't really my bag. Much prefer the more pretentious subjects. If I had the integrity I might even pursue history." He passed Steve a beer and sat back down as he watched Steve do the complicated calculations down the edge of the page.

They sat in content silence as Steve finished off the last of the questions before taking a long gulp from his beer.

"Man, I needed that. Never really had you down as a history buff."

"Not the modern shit. That stuff's far too political. Makes my head

hurt. But ancient history? Man that shit's so cool. How the fuck the mayan's worked out an entire calendar just from watching the sky long enough to see a pattern? Fuckin' ancient grecian fuckin' computers? Ya know they had fuckin' computers before they even had electricity? That's so cool, don't tell me it's not." Steve smiled as Billy started spewing all of these random history facts, his eyes bright, his gestures getting more confident as he saw Steve engaging with him. Something told Steve that Billy had had no one to listen to him for far too long.

"The greeks are by far my favourites, and not just because they were all raging homos." Billy giggled in a way that made Steve's tummy flip. "They invented so much cool shit. Yoyos, cement, maps, fuckin' COINS! Shit dude, imagine being the dude that invented coins. I bet he literally never shut up about it." Billy got up and moved around the table. "Hello, my name is Grecian McGreekface and I'd like three chickens please. Certainly, sir, that'll be 50 shells or bits of wood or scrap metal thingies or 50 of whatever you have in your pocket, really. No worries, my poor ancient greek friend, for I have 3 round metal things I have coined COINS...OH SHIT COINED COINS...I'm a genius..." Steve got up and kissed Billy before he got any more adorable.

"You're a nerd and no one would even know." Steve said softly.

"You tell a soul and you're dead, Harrington." Billy replied. He chastely placed another soft kiss on Steve. "So about my jacket."

"Oh yeah, it's in my car. Gimme a sec I'll run and get it." Steve ran out and retrieved the jacket from the passenger seat and when he came back Billy was gone from the kitchen.

## **11. Sexy high school boyfriends get freaky in his childhood bedroom**

Steve searched downstairs with no success so headed up to his bedroom. Billy was probably just using the bathroom but he'd have to walk past Steve's room to go back downstairs so Steve decided to wait in there. He opened his bedroom door, still clutching Billy's jacket to a topless man laying on his bed.

"Up for a little more fun, princess?" Billy purred, leaning his head on one hand like a model from a magazine.

"Hmmm, lemme think about that." Steve smiled as he moved over to Billy and mounted his hips, dropping the jacket on the other side of the bed. Steve leant over Billy and kissed him deeply. Billy's hand wandered under the edge of Steve's shirt, his other beginning to work on the buttons. Steve sat up and finished off the buttons, throwing the shirt on top of the jacket.

"Man I fucked you up real good, didn't I?" Billy said tracing the bruises along Steve's neck.

"Quite like it, actually. Makes a nice change being the one baring the bruises instead of giving them." Billy sat up on his elbows and met Steve's mouth half way. In one swift motion, Billy switched their positions so he was the one on top, holding Steve's wrists down on either side of his head, keeping their mouths touching. Billy brought his leg up between Steve's and lightly brushed his knee against Steve's crotch. Steve sucked in a breath as he felt his body respond to the pressure.

"Is this okay?" Billy murmured

"Yeah, just do that again." Billy chuckled into Steve's mouth.

"Like that?" Steve let out a small whine in response. "Y'know this would be a lot easier if you let me take your pants off." If Steve hadn't been so sexually frustrated, he would probably have had the integrity to not be quite a slut and give in quite that easily, but as it stood, he didn't and so he allowed Billy to undo his jeans and slowly peel them from his body. Now he was just in his boxers, his arousal was much more apparent.

"Can you take yours off too? Feel a bit exposed being the only one without pants on." Steve blushed slightly as Billy resumed kissing down his bare chest.

"Whatever you want, princess." Billy unbuckled his belt and threw

his jeans across the room. When he turned back around he took a few moments before he approached Steve again.

"What? What's wrong?" Steve said lightly.

"Nothing. You're just pretty." Billy smiled down at him as he kissed Steve again.

"Shut up, I'm manly. I'm an intimidating manly man."

"Standing at exactly 5'8."

"Oh hush." Steve smiled into a deep kiss and allowed Billy to fondle him through his boxers. "Oh fuck." He breathed into Billy's mouth.

"Don't panic, pretty boy, I've fondled my fair share of dicks." Billy teased. Steve grabbed Billy's hand and pulled it away from him and thrust up instead, allowing the full lengths of their bodies to grind together. Billy groaned. "You sure you've never been with a dude before?"

"I think I'd remember." Steve jested

"You'd be surprised." Billy replied.

"Shut up." Steve said as he kissed Billy and began to get into a rhythm of thrusting and grinding. Their tongues mingled in each others mouths and heat was radiating off their bodies like they were one entity. All of a sudden Billy came, his underwear stretched as warm liquid seeped through to Steve's skin, pushing Steve himself over the edge and with a final thrust he too was coming. Billy collapsed on top of him, mouth still on Steve's, their muscles aching and limp, their skin hot and clammy.

"Fuck me, princess. You're good at that."

"What can I say, I'm a slut."

Billy smiled once again before sitting up and reaching over the edge of the bed for his jeans.

"If you want to take a shower, the bathrooms at the end of the hall."

"Thanks, pretty boy." Billy whipped up Steve's jeans and threw them at him as he sauntered out of the room. "You're welcome to join me." He called back to Steve.

"Don't be greedy." Steve called back, peeling off his soiled underwear, wiping himself off and putting a fresh pair on. So that's what sex with a boy was like...sort of. "Wow I'm a homo. Did not see that coming. Neither did Billy." Steve joked to himself. Steve put his jeans back on and waited for Billy to get back. He wandered down the kitchen and retrieved a glass of water. He gulped down the whole glass before returning upstairs to see a wet and tousled Billy towel drying his hair sat on his bed.

"So you know all sorts about me," Billy looks up from under his hair. "What about you? Tell me something I don't know about princess Steve."

"Uhhh..."

"Anything you like."

"I'm bad at academic shit, can't write an essay for love nor money, I'm prolly gonna end up working for my dad's boring company, basketball is literally my only hobby and I get flu every winter without fail."

"Basketball is your only hobby? How have you not killed something yet, Harrington. You must be tense dude. And anyway I thought you were a...a...an amphibian...thing..."

"First of all," Steve says approaching the now lounging Billy. "How do you know I haven't killed something? Secondly, Dustin was fucking joking so lets not let the amphibian enthusiast comment become a thing. Plus, out of all the shit you could have picked out of their, you chose the basketball thing?" He stretched out next to Billy and pressed a soft kiss to Billy's cheek. "Billy?"

"Yeah?"

"IS this just for fun?"

"I don't know, Harrington, is it?"

"I would like it to happen more. If that's what you mean."

"Harrington?"

"Yeah?" Steve rolled to look at Billy as Billy turned his head toward him.

"Are you asking me if you're my boyfriend?"

"And if I am?" Billy's mouth quirked upward slightly as Steve began to blush.

"Then I'd say yes, but only if that's what you're asking."

"In which case I am asking, yes."

"Harrington?"

"Yeah?"

"That's gay."

"Fuck off."

## Notes for the Chapter:

Hi there! Im having a lot of fun writing this (more than i first anticipated) and I hope you enjoy too! I'd like to ask a favour for those of you with accounts...

could you leave me a comment please? I love reading feedback wether its good or bad so y'know just give me a lil message. Thanks a lot! (p.s I'm really enjoying writing Billy's background seeing as in the series we learn very little about his actual life so lemme know your head canons and ones I like I might keep xxxx

## 12. Boyfriend's ex intrudes on cosy date

"Let's get pizza."

"I'm down, just no weird toppings okay?"

"What's your opinion on pineapple, Harrington?"

"On pizza?"

"Yeah"

"I'd rather bash my own head in with a bat full of nails."

"You've never tried it, have you?" Billy removed his arm from around Steve's shoulders.

"No." Billy rolled his eyes and went over to the phone.

"Hey, I'll have a large Hawaiian and a small Margarita. Sorry, my boyfriends a pussy." Steve kicked Billy in the leg from his position on the couch.

"Watch it, Hargrove." Steve paused the VHS of Indiana Jones: Raiders of the Lost Ark as Billy spied off the address like it was his own, thanked the pizza place and hung up.

"That way if you're a big puss you won't go hungry."

"Thank you." Steve got up and pressed a light kiss to Billy's cheek.

"Half an hour or so?" Billy nodded. "Okay I'm just going to the bathroom, be right back."

As Steve locked the bathroom door he heard the phone ring. Steve thought it was probably just the pizza place double checking the zip code or something and heard Billy begin speaking to the caller. It wasn't until Steve was heading back downstairs that he realised Billy had been on the phone for an awfully long time.

"Oh here he is, Nancy." Billy passed him the receiver. "Don't freak out I told her I was your cousin." Steve furrowed his eyebrows and put the phone to his ear.

"Hey, Nance, you okay?"

"I'm fine, Steve, but I'm worried you're not."

"What do you mean, Nance?"

"Well you avoided me pretty much all of today and now your mystery cousin is at your house?" Billy was sat on the couch, listening intently and enjoying the show way to much for Steve's liking. Steve turned to the wall so that Billy couldn't see his face as he talked.

"Oh, yeah my cousin's just staying for a few days whilst my parents



are away, no big deal and I wasn't avoiding you but y'know it's awkward. You are my ex, Nance."

"I know I just don't wanna lose you, Steve. We've been through so much. It just seems a shame not to remain friends."

"Hey how about I come over some time and we can just chat like old women together?"

"Sounds good."

"Okay Nance, I gotta go but stay safe okay?" Steve could have sworn he heard Nancy's voice crack like she was holding in a sob.

"Yeah. See you soon." Steve put the phone back on the holder and turned back around.

"My cousin?"

"Well it was a bit out of the blue, not like I was expecting to talk to your ex on the phone the night we get together." Billy talking about them as a couple made Steve's tummy flip as he flopped back down of the couch next to his boyfriend and un-paused the tape. "Thought I dealt with that pretty well, actually." Steve sinks back into Billy's shoulder as Indiana Jones blows up a fruit stand. "it's always the fruit stand to go first."

"Probably because its a cheap prop and it makes a big mess." Steve watched as melons, apples, bananas and even almonds go flying across the screen.

"They really bust a nut." Billy said laughing to himself. Steve turned slowly to look at him and snorted with laughter.

"That was the worst joke I ever heard." Steve chortled.

"Man, you're easy to please." Billy said into Steve's hair.

"So...they put fruit on pizza now? For real?"

"Just try it, Harrington. We got a back up remember." Steve hesitantly took a minuscule bite out of the pizza slice. "Harrington I swear to God if you don't put your back into it I'll shove that whole slice down your throat." Steve scrunched up his nose but took a sizeable mouthful. His face went from pure horror to mild discomfort. "So?"

"Eh, not the worst but I'll stick to the boring one for now."

"Does that mean I get this whole pizza to myself?"

"I guess so, yeah."

"Sweet." Billy dragged the entire box to his side of the coffee table and took the biggest slice in the box. "So you introduce me to Indiana Jones, I introduce you to Hawaiian pizza. And also gay stuff. Sounds

like a fair deal.”

“I much prefer gay stuff to Indiana Jones.”

“We haven’t even got started yet.” Billy winked at Steve and took another bite of his pizza.

“That would have been really sexy and intimidating if you didn’t have tomato sauce on your cheek.” Steve reached over and wiped it off.

“Can we talk about the rules?”

“Rules?”

“Like what am I to expect when we’re at school or in public or whatever because this rocks but I think it would be totally naïve of either of us to expect it to be the same with other people around.”

“Good point, princess.” Billy took a deep breath and looked at Steve.

“Well, what are you comfortable with?”

“For me it’s different. I’m totally new to this.”

“But then again I’m new to town.” Steve nodded in understanding.

“In which case lets take it slow. Not be a couple at school but allow people to see us, y’know being friendly.” Billy nodded in agreement.

“And no flirting with the girls. I see you eye fucking ever girl in junior year and up and that stops.” Steve jabs his finger at Billy’s chest but smiles.

“Aw, you jealous, princess?” Steve rolled his eyes.

“If you say so.”

### 13. Wet and Messy boys with time to kill

Steve woke up with a hand in his face. Billy had fallen asleep on the couch around 2 am and Steve had thrown a blanket over him before heading upstairs. Obviously at some point Billy had woken up and joined him because he was now spread eagle face down in nothing but his underwear. Steve slipped off the bed and into the shower. He had nothing to do on this cloudy Saturday so he decided to see what Billy was up to and then go see Nancy. He turned and soaped up his hair, drenching his face in the warm water and heard the bathroom door slide open.

"It's polite to knock, you know." He called from behind the curtain. Billy didn't talk but Steve could hear a shedding of clothes. "Don't you think we shower together at school enough?"

"Not at all," Billy said as he climbed in behind Steve. "Can't touch you at school."

"I mean you could." Said Steve still looking towards the back wall. "Think our friend Tommy might have something to say about that though, don't you?" Billy's hands slithered under his arms round his chest and he pressed wet kisses to his neck and shoulders. "Oh yeah, he'd say somethin' alright and I can't talk back with your dick in my mouth." Billy turned Steve around and dropped to his knees.

"I guess this way there's no clean up?" Steve said nervously as he began to get hard. Billy kissed up Steve's thighs right to his pubic bones before sliding the length gently into his hot mouth. "Oh..." Steve said softly as Billy began to bob his head slightly, holding Steve's hip with one hand as the other held the side of the bath. Steve's hands fell to Billy's hair which was much softer than Steve had anticipated. Billy began using the hand previously holding the side of the bath to massage the muscles of Steve's ass, taking him deeper into his mouth. Steve gasped. "Do that again." Billy smiled around Steve's dick and took the whole thing in one go. Steve gave one last groan before he came down Billy's throat. "Fuck." Billy slipped Steve out of him and swallowed the load effortlessly.

"Usually I'm the one receiving." He said as he kissed Steve. He could still taste himself on Billy's lips.

"Don't get your hopes up, my gag reflex is...aggressive. Plus I'm not that gay."

"Yet." Steve rolled his eyes. "Your girl ever blow you like that?"

"My 'Girl', " he said in finger quotes. "never sucked me off. Ever. So thank you."

"She let you put it in her but she wouldn't put it in her mouth? Man, bitches dude. Weird logic is all." With a quick wink he hopped out of the shower and left Steve to clean up. "I should probably go home I'm meant to be babysitting my bitch of a stepsister this afternoon." He said from the other side of the curtain.

"Okay well if I don't see you before I'll see you on Monday?"

"Oh you'll see me before." Then the bathroom door slid closed and Steve was alone.

Red roses was all the gas station had and Steve didn't want to go empty handed so he hoped that if he explained how they were platonic red roses Nancy would still like them. He hopped out of his car muttering to himself. "Look, Nancy I'm sorry, I love you, wait what the hell am I sorry for?"

"Steve" Dustin said from across the driveway "are those for Mr or Mrs Wheeler?"

"What? No"

"Good" Dustin began dragging Steve back towards his car.

"Hey, what the hell, man?"

"Nancy isn't home." Steve thought that was weird.

"Where is she?"

"Doesn't matter, we have bigger problems than your love life." Steve nearly put him right but couldn't face a reencounter with the "amphibian enthusiast" conversation. "Do you still have the bat?"

"Bat, what bat?" Steve was completely lost.

"The one with the nails." Dustin said like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Why?"

"I'll explain on the way."

"What, now? Now? Son of a bitch, wait! Wait!"

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Leave me a comment with some feedback so i don't feel like I'm yelling into a void xxx

## 14. Boyfriends (and Dustin) go Monster Hunting

"It grew."

"So?"

"Now it's the size of a dog."

Steve pause for a second, digesting the information as he pulled in to Dustin's drive.

"What!?"

"Why else would I need you to bring the bat?"

"How big?"

"Well first it was like that," Dustin demonstrated with his thumb and first finger. "And now he's like this." He gestured with both hands something the size of a Labrador.

"I swear to God, man, it's just some little lizard, okay?"

"It's not a lizard." Steve glanced at Dustin.

"How? How do you know It's not just a lizard?"

"Because his face opened up and he ate my cat." Steve couldn't really argue with that, however Dustin's basement was eerily quiet for something imprisoning a cat eating demon from a different dimension.

"I don't hear shit." Steve banged the doors with his bat to test out the waters.

"He's in there." Steve was getting more and more suspicious of this situation. How could something that small get so big in two days?

"Alright, listen, kid. If this is some sort of Halloween prank, - you're dead." Steve knew this was probably a stretch. Where would this 13 year old child get a weird looking tadpole thing in set up for a prank?

"It's not."

"You got a key for this thing? Let me see that." Steve hastily unlocked the basement doors and swung them open.

"He must be further down there. I'll stay up here in case he tries to escape." Dustin said feigning confidence. Steve nodded. "Typical" he thought. "Why do I always get the dangerous jobs?" The sound of an engine made the boys turn around. Billy rolled down the window.

"What the fuck are you weirdos doing?" Steve and Dustin looked at each other.

"Monster hunting." Dustin said smiling.

"What are you doing on this side of the neighbourhood?" Steve said, resting his bat over his shoulder.

"Looking for Max. Does that bat have nails in it?" Billy pointed at Steve's weapon.

"Yeah it does, is Max okay?" Steve said trying to move the conversation passed the elephant in the room.

"Think she ran off with that Sinclair kid. Gotta find her before my Dad finds out she's hanging around with a black guy. Why've you got a bat full of nails?" Billy said turning off the engine.

"To bash in Dart." Dustin said happily.

"Why've you gotta find Max?"

"My Dad'll beat her silly if he thinks she's seeing a black dude. I tried to tell 'er." Billy got out of the car.

"Lucas and Max are dating?!" Dustin exclaimed.

"Did you say you were gonna bash in that slug thing with a bat full of nails?"

"Yeah, but Max is dating Lucas?"

"Doesn't that seem a bit like overkill?"

"He's the size of a dog now." Dustin said, still looking a bit distracted by the Max and Lucas comment.

"Harrington, what's he talking about?" Steve looked at Dustin.

"Can I tell him?"

"I mean I already did by accident I guess. We don't really have time for the whole thing though."

"Harrington, tell me what the fuck is going on or I swear to God I'll--"

"Okay, uhh so basically that thing Dustin showed me has grown to the size of a dog, it ate his cat and now he wants me to go down into the basement where he keeps it and I don't know...kill it I guess."

"I still don't really understand," Billy admitted, "But if it's a fight you need I'll go down there and kill it, no sweat."

"Well, if you're offering..." Dustin said.

"Dustin!" Steve chided. "Look Billy if you really want to help, get the spade from my trunk and we'll go down together."

"Whatever you want, princess." Billy rounded Steve's car and retrieved the spade from the trunk.

"Okay, ready?"

"This is so stupid." Billy muttered as they began the descent into the basement. The room was pitch black and silent with no indication of movement at all. Steve pulled the sting outlined in front of his face and a single lightbulb flickered to life.

"Oh, shit."

"No way" The boys spoke in unison.

"Dustin! Get down here!" Steve called up.

"No way..." Dustin said from behind them. A gaping hole in the brick was staring at them. The wall had been ripped apart by something with immense power. Soil and rubble lay all over the basement floor.

"What the fuck were you keeping down here?" Billy said turning to Dustin.

"Is he dumb?" Dustin turned to Steve. "I told you, Dart."

"There is no way that slug did all this."

"It grew, now it's the size of a dog, remember?"

"I thought you were joking about that."

"Why would I joke about that?" Dustin said in an irritated tone.

"Come on, ladies, let's just find this thing before it eats anyone else's cat." Steve began to climb the stairs, followed swiftly by the two boys.

## 15. Billy learns Steve's big secret

The rest of Steve's Saturday continued in a similar vein. Weird, fairly dangerous, and surrounded by people that a week ago he'd have called you insane if you'd told him. Lucas and Billy's step-sister had shown up after Billy, Dustin and himself had created a meat trail to the junk yard. Now the five of them were hiding out on the bus waiting for something to happen.

"Tell me again why you're here." Max asked Billy pointedly.

"I was looking for you." He shot back.

"And why is that?"

"Cuz you know what my dad would do if he found you with Sinclair."

"I know what you'd've done if I hadn't snuck off in the first place." Steve held Billy back from standing up.

"Now, now, play nice, children."

"Since when were you two such good buddies, anyway?" Lucas crossed his arms at Steve accusingly. Steve didn't really know how to respond. He was still trying to get his head around that himself. Instead he just shrugged and stared out of the grubby bus window.

"I'm gonna go get a better look." Max said climbing the ladder onto the roof of the bus.

"If you hurt yourself it's me that gets the ass beating!" Billy called up to her. Max just rolled her eyes as Lucas followed her up.

"So...." Dustin said awkwardly from the back of the bus.

"What is it, Dustin?" Steve said exasperatedly, turning towards him, fiddling with the nails in his bat.

"You two, y'know..." Dustin wiggled his eyebrows looking between the two boys. Billy chuckled, chewing a piece of gum and looked into his lap.

"Shut your nosey ass mouth, Henderson!" Steve threw an empty cola can at Dustin's head and missed completely.

"Oh God, you totally are, aren't you?" Dustin looked affronted. "I was just joking!" Dustin got up and paced up and down the bus. "This... this...this is...Brilliant!" Dustin turned around and gestured wildly. Steve furrowed his eyebrows. Billy looked equally confused. "Don't you see?" Dustin asked Steve. "I understand why Billy doesn't get it but you? You can tell him what's happening, why we're here, seeing as Lucas already told Max, apparently. Ooh ooh can I tell him? Oh



please! Lemme lemme!”

“Fine, fine, tell him. Whatever.” Steve threw his hands up in surrender.

“What the fuck are you talking about, you weirdos?”

“Just listen to what he has to say. It’s gonna sound crazy, but just stick with it okay?” Billy’s eyes went from Steve to Dustin. Dustin proceeded to tell the entire story of the last year with surprising eloquence, punctuated by swear words and Billy lighting up cigarettes and pacing and looking dismissive.

“So this Eleven chick could move shit with her mind?”

“Yep.”

“And now she’s gone.”

“Yep.”

“Back to this other dimension?”

“Not sure, probably though.”

“And that’s where this dog-slug-polly-thing is from also?”

“Yep.”

“And you expect me to believe you?”

“Yep- uhh, yes, actually.” Dustin noticeably shrank back into his seat.

“And you actually believe this bullshit?” Billy gestured at Steve.

“Yes, actually.”

“Why?”

“BECAUSE I’VE SEEN IT, OKAY?” Steve was irritated by Billy’s disbelief, but knew this was unfair. He remembered how batshit this had all seemed when he walked right into the middle of everything last year. Billy was staring at him.

“You’re not joking, are you?”

“Look,” Steve took a breath. “I know how insane this is. But I need you to believe me. Even if it’s just for tonight. Then you can tell me this is all bullshit and that we’re all crazy, but just until we get out of this, preferably alive,” His eyes flicked to the window, then back to Billy. “I need to know you believe us.” Billy’s gaze visibly softened. He slumped in his seat.

“Okay. I believe you.”

“Thank you.” Steve smiled softly.

“Ew, dude, get a room.” Dustin made a gagging noise.

“Yo, no telling my step-sister about us. Not yet.” Dustin nodded in understanding.

“I look forward to the wedding.”

“I’ve got eyes! Ten o’clock! Ten o’clock! There!” Lucas shouted down

from the roof. Steve jumped into action. Wielding his bat, he exited the bus and descended into the fog. If this was anything like the thing he pummelled last year, this bat would be his best friend all over again. He heard Billy follow him with his new weapon of a spade. Out of nowhere a black creature appeared out of the fog, slowly prowling towards the two of them like it was hunting them.

"This its the thing from Thursday?" Billy said with an air of disbelief.

"You ain't seen nothing yet." Steve said back, keeping eyes on the beast at all times. "Come on, buddy. Come on. Dinner time. Human tastes better than cat I promise."

"Is that really necessary?" Billy huffed.

"Just keeping the mood light." Steve replied.

"Steve, Billy, watch out!" Lucas called from the roof.

"A little busy here!" Billy called back up.

"Three o'clock! Three o'clock!" Billy turned to see another of those creatures appear from the fog.

"Steve! Abort! Abort!" Billy called over his shoulder, as the one in front of Steve roared, revealing lines and lines of needle-like teeth layering it's flower-shaped jaws.

"Steve, Billy, run!" The two of them legged in backwards back into the bus, Billy slamming the doors shut behind them. Lucas and Max clambered back down and they all heard as the creatures crawled all over the (now seemingly very thin) steel of the bus.

"Are they rabid or something?" Max exclaimed.

"You knew to this too, huh?" Billy gasped as he struggled to get his breath back.

"Shit! Is anyone there? Mike? Will? God! Anyone! Shit! We're at the old junkyard, and we are going to die!" Dustin said desperately into his walkie-talkie. A large bang came from the roof and then an eery silence. Max turned to the hatch in the top of the bus to the face of a beast screeching in her face. She screamed as Billy threw her away from the hatch.

"Out of the way! Out of the way! You want some? Come get this!" Billy swung his spade and smacked the beast hard across the head. Then, without a moment of hesitation, it looked up and ran off, followed by the rest of it's pack.

"What happened?" Lucas said.

"I don't know." Steve said looking out of the window as masses of the creatures bounded past them as if they were newly invisible.

"Billy scared 'em off." Dustin said.

“No way. They’re going somewhere.” Billy said throwing down his spade. Now the only question remaining was: Where?

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please! I beg of you! If you're enjoying then leave me a comment! Even if it's mean.

## **16. Steve tries and Fails to impress his sexy, clever boyfriend**

They followed the sound of shrieking and growling into the forrest until they came to the top of a cliffside. Dustin and Lucas were squabbling over 'the rule of law' or something equally dull so Max, Billy and Steve stayed out of the way at the back.

"Why are we headed towards the sound?"

"Wherever they're going it's probably important." Steve said looking over the cliffside.

"There! That building, what is it?" Billy pointed to a clearing in the forrest beneath and a large building surrounded by layers of fencing.

"It's the lab." Said Dustin. "They're going back home."

As they got to the front gates of the lab, a car was already waiting there.

"Hello? Who's there? Who's there?" A voice called from the other side of the vehicle. "Steve?"

"Nancy?" Steve was genuinely surprised to see her. "Jonathan?" That made more sense, it was his brother, after all.

"What are you doing here?" Nancy asked as Steve and the party came to a stop.

"What are you doing here?" Steve replied.

"We're looking for Mike and Will."

"They're not in there, are they?" Dustin asked from beside Steve.

"We're not sure." Jonathan admitted. A cold sense of dread fell over the party as realisation of the situation kicked in. That whole place was crawling with those creatures and the building was far from empty. The building that had previously looked dead suddenly sprang to life as the lights flicked back on. Jonathan tried the button for the gate without success. Dustin, visibly frustrated at being held back by a single gate, pushed past Jonathan. Steve couldn't help feeling a little proud of him.

"Let me try."

"Hang on." Jonathan protested.

"Let me try." Dustin shoved Jonathan out of the way and enthusiastically pressed the button. Steve glanced over to see that Billy had acquired a cigarette from somewhere.

"Can I get a drag of that." Steve said, surprising himself.

"Didn't know you enjoyed a smoke, princess." Billy winked at him and passed him the smoke.

"That kinda night." Steve took a drag off the cigarette and began coughing profusely. "Apparently my lungs don't agree."

"Pretty boy like you don't need to smoke anyway. Bad for your skin, apparently." Billy took the cigarette back and Steve looked over to see Nancy looking at him suspiciously. Without warning, the gates began to roll open.

"Hey! I got it! I got it! Easy-peasy." Dustin looked very proud of himself, Jonathan looked disgruntled and Steve was just a little bit smug. It's not that Steve didn't like Jonathan necessarily, but he was a bit of a creep and he did single-handedly wreck Steve's last relationship so he felt okay having some reservations towards the dude.

Even after the gates were open it was quite a trek from the perimeter of the lab to the front door. The whole posse stayed close together and as they rounded the corner, they were met by Joyce, Mike, Hopper, a sleeping Will and a handful of armed guards.

"Mom?" Johnathan exclaimed and ran over to Joyce and Hopper who was holding his unconscious brother.

"Nancy!" Mike cried and Nancy grabbed hold of her brother tightly.

"Is everyone out?" Steve asked the group collectively.

"Almost, just Bob." Hopper said, turning to the glass doors of the front of the lab. The wooden door into the innards of the building swung open and Bob came sprinting into the foyer. He was clear. Until he wasn't. A dog jumped on him from nowhere, knocking him to the floor. The group erupted into panicked screaming and desperate attempts to do something. Anything. Hopper held Joyce back from running in and Steve grabbed Billy's hand as they watched in horror as Bob got ripped to shreds.

Steve had seen his fair share of campy horror films, but he'd never before seen someone die, least of all in such a gruesome manner. He felt sick, and all he could do was shield the kids from being exposed to such a horrid image. Bob was long gone. There was no even attempt to recover what remained of him as the group began to shuffle the Byers away from the lab. The new prerogative was to get as far away from this place as possible, as quickly as possible.

Joyce was inconsolable, understandably. Steve felt useless. Luckily,

by the expression on his boyfriend's face, he wasn't the only one.

"You weren't fuckin' around." Billy said solemnly as he lit up another smoke.

"You can say that again." Steve breathed out as he leant on the Byer's dining table. The kids were scheming again. Steve didn't know where they got the energy. Nevertheless, he and Billy listened in, trying to understand what the hell was going on.

"The shadow monster."

"It got Will that day on the field."

"The doctor said it was like a virus, it infected him." Mike said.

"And so this virus, it's connecting him to the tunnels?" Hopper said, with vague understanding passing across his features.

"To the tunnels, monsters, the Upside Down, everything."

"Slow down, slow down." Said Hopper, forgivably.

"Okay, so, the shadow monster is inside everything." Mike explained.

"And if the vines feel something like pain, then so does Will." Lucas added.

"And so does Dart." Dustin nodded.

"Yeah." It was at this point that Steve officially tuned out.

"So this mind flamer thing," Nancy began.

"Flayer." Dustin corrected.

"Mind Flayer." Nancy clarified. "What does it want?"

"To conquer us, basically."

"It believes it's the master race." That sounded familiar to Steve.

"Like the Germans?" Steve added helpfully.

"Uh, the Nazis?" Dustin asked, judgmentally. Now Steve felt really stupid, him with the History loving boyfriend getting a history fact wrong, and being corrected by a thirteen year old.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah the Nazis..." Billy nudged him in the side and Steve glanced up to see him smiling cheekily. Somehow this was a real comfort. Felt somewhat normal for Billy to be taking the piss out of him.

"If the Nazis were from another dimension, totally." Dustin patted Steve on the back, slightly patronisingly, and he could feel Billy holding in a giggle. Steve decided to keep quiet for a while.

"We're talking about the destruction of our world as we know it."

"That's great. That's great. That's really great." Steve couldn't help it. Sarcasm was a deeply ingrained defence mechanism.

After that uplifting chat, it was all go, making sure that when Will

woke up he wouldn't know where he was. Something about him not being able to spy if he wasn't sure what he was spying on.

"Hey." Nancy approached him from his position stapling plastic sheeting to the walls of the garden shed. "What you did, um helping the kids, that was really cool."

"Yeah." Steve said, not having much more to add other than, "Billy really stepped up though, you know. Just, don't give him too much shit."

"I had no idea you two got on."

"We didn't." Steve said honestly. "Only recently I understood where he was coming from y'know? Anyway those kids can be little shits."

"Oh believe me, I know."

"Where is Billy, anyway?"

"Think he's with Max." Steve placed the last staple into the sheeting. The stage was set, now all he had to do was wait.

## 17. Billy is impressed with Steve's bat handling skill

The majority of the group waited nervously in the kitchen of the Byers house. Jonathan, Joyce, Mike and Hopper had accompanied the sleeping Will into the isolation chamber. Dustin and Lucas were pacing back and forth at increasing velocity and Steve felt like tripping them up.

"Can you stop pacing." Nancy exclaimed frustratedly.

"You'll wear a hole in the floor." Billy added lightly. "Have a smoke, it'll calm your nerves." he reached over to pass Dustin a cigarette.

"Put it away, Hargrove." Steve said, grabbing Billy's wrist.

"What? I was smoking by thirteen." Billy said nonchalantly lighting it up as his own. "You want some, sweet cheeks?" he offered Nancy the cigarette. Nancy grabbed it off him and took a ridiculously long drag, breathing the smoke out smoothly, and passing Billy back the stump. "Jesus, sweetheart, you must be tense." Billy smiled slyly and took out another.

"Do you have an endless supply or something?" Lucas asked.

"Not quite, but I'm well stocked."

"Where on earth do you keep them all?" Lucas added.

"Wouldn't you like to know." Billy winked, earning a slap on the arm from Steve. That just made Billy smile more.

"Urg, Billy can you stop flirting with everyone now?" Max sounded agitated.

"Make me, short stuff." Max just rolled her eyes and slumped on her kitchen chair. Steve felt that smugness again. Like a fucked up kind of proud, like he could say "that's mine. That person's mine." But this was Billy Hargrove and he belonged to no one. Suddenly, Hopper came rushing in.

"It's morse code! He's using Morse code!" Soon the whole gang had a relay system set up. Hopper would relay the code to Lucas who would then tell Nancy the corresponding letter. They all grouped around Nancy, watching as the words were slowly spelt out.

C  
L  
O  
S  
E  
G



A  
T  
E

Something about those words was chilling. So simple, yet so desperate. So much effort for just a tiny phrase. The telephone ringing made them all jump, and Dustin ran over to stop it ringing before Will could hear.

“Shit!” he exclaimed. It began to ring again. “Shit!”

Nancy took matters into her own hands and pulled the whole set off the wall and flung it down the corridor.

“Do you think he heard that?” Max asked.

“It’s just a phone. It could have been anywhere.” Steve offered. “Right?”

“If it’s Will’s family phone, he’ll probably recognise the tone.” Billy suggested.

“Shit.” Dustin repeated. Then there was a distant roar. A howl like nothing Steve had ever heard. Something not of this world, beyond scientific understanding. Not like a mortal creature, but something more insidious. In that moment it was everywhere and nowhere. It was the air. It had been there always, but no one paid enough attention to it to notice. “That’s not good.” Dustin said nervously. Soon after, The Byers, Mike and Hopper returned with an unconscious Will. Hopper had acquired a shotgun. They all accumulated in the living room, Hopper calling for the children to stay away from the windows.

“Can you use this?” Hopper offered Jonathan the shotgun.

“What? I-uh...”

“Can you use this?” Hopper asked more forcefully.

“I can.” Billy and Nancy said simultaneously. Hopper threw Nancy the shotgun and offered Billy his pistol. Billy took it, cocked it and loaded it. Steve felt puny in comparison. ‘Damn I’ve dated a lot of badasses’ Steve thought to himself as the roaring outside intensified. There was movement outside.

“Where are they?” Joyce strained desperately. The roaring shifted from the front of the house to the side. Everyone shifted their aim 90 degrees to the right, Nancy and Joyce giving out only the slightest whimper.

“What are they doing?” Nancy asked as the bushes outside shook violently and a series of animal sounding grunts could be heard. The movement move back to the front of the house and the group

swivelled left again. The grunts turned to shrieks of what could have been pain and the bushes began to quiver. Then as quickly as the shrieks had begun, stillness fell over the outside of the house. A creature came flying through the front window, and as everyone scrambled away, it came to a halt amongst the debris of the Byer's furniture. Everyone paused before slowly approaching the still creature.

"Holy shit." Muttered Billy.

"Is it dead?" Max asked from beside him. Hopper nudged it with his foot, with no response. Then the door began to creak. As they turn, the lock flicks open and everyone is locked and loaded at the heavy front door. As the door slowly opens, it reveals a young girl, who steps in confidently and everyone's weapons drop as Mike steps forward. Steve doesn't recognise her, but from the reaction from others in the room, he can only assume that this, stood in front of him with a nosebleed and a bitchin' haircut is Eleven. The Eleven. The tension breaks and everyone begins to relax as Mike embraced Eleven.

"Is that her?" Billy whispers at Steve.

"I think it must be." He whispers back. This moment had an air of preciousness, and afraid to break it, everyone stayed well back.

"Why didn't you tell me you were okay?" Mike asked.

"Because I wouldn't let 'er." Hopper owned up. "What the hell is this, where the hell've you been?" Hopper said approaching the girl.

"Where the hell've you been?" She retaliated, before accepting a hug from him.

"You've been hiding her. You've been hiding her this whole time!" Mike shoved Hopper.

"Hey! Lets talk. Alone." Hopper grabbed the front of Mike's shirt and hauled him out of the living room. Steve was mesmerised by the way Eleven embraced Dustin and Lucas. He'd known they must have been close but he felt so blind to have totally missed this person's existence over the last year. Billy and him stayed well back, not wishing to intrude as Max introduced herself.

"Okay, I believe you." Billy said holding up both his hand, pistol still in his right one.

"Yeah, well. I don't blame you for being skeptical."

"I do know one thing though." Billy said nudging up to Steve's side.

"Oh yeah?" Steve smiled suggestively.

"It should be illegal for pretty boys like you to look so good with a

weapon in hand.” Billy whispered deeply into Steve’s ear, his hot breath making the hairs on Steve’s neck stand on end.

“Not looking too bad yourself, Hargrove.” Steve winked at Billy as he watched his boyfriend bite his lip gently. Joyce took Eleven to see Will and the three kids slumped themselves on the couch, visibly exhausted.

They all took a moment to breathe.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

please leave a comment or give me kudos, its good  
for my self esteem xxx

## 18. Billy and Steve are irresponsible parents

The gang gathered in the kitchen, as Hopper verbalised the plan as he created it.

"I can do it." Eleven says, referring to closing the gate.

"You're not hearing me." Hopper replied.

"I'm hearing you, I can do it."

"Even if El can, there's still another problem." Mike puts forward. "If the brain dies, the body dies."

"I thought that was the whole point?" Billy asks.

"It is, but if we're really right about that, I mean if El closes the gate and kills the mind flayer's army," Mike explains.

"Will's a part of that army." Lucas finishes.

"Closing the gate will kill him." Mike simplifies. After a few moments of brainstorming, Joyce came up with the idea to purge the upside down out of Will.

"If he likes it cold?" Nancy asked.

"We need to burn it out of him." Joyce said grimly.

"We have to do it somewhere he won't recognise this time." Mike came up with.

Yeah, somewhere far away." Dustin added.

Hopper carried Will out with Jonathan and Joyce not far behind, leaving the rest of them to wait for something to happen. Steve began to help Nancy look for the odd heater in the pile of mess from the shed in the back yard, mostly to stay active, but also for a moment alone with her.

"You should go with 'em." He said, knowingly.

"What?" Nancy looked at him, confused.

"With Jonathan." He spelled out.

"What? No, I'm not just gonna leave Mike."

"No one's leaving anyone." Steve got up and moved round to stand by Nancy. "I may be a pretty shitty boyfriend, but it turns out I'm a pretty damn good babysitter." Nancy looked at him. He passed her the heater he was holding.

"Steve..."

"It's okay, Nance. It's okay." Because it really was. Steve understood now why Nancy and Jonathan needed each other like they did. Shared trauma can do wild things to the psyche. "And anyway, I got

Billy to blame if anything goes wrong.” He left her and went back into the house.

Not long after Joyce, Nancy and Jonathan had left with Will, Hopper and Eleven left for the lab. Dustin began emptying the fridge.

“Hey goofy,” Billy called from the couch. “What the fuck’re you doing in there?”

“I’m emptying the fridge, stupid.” Dustin called back.

“Okay, I have one more question.” Billy stood up and entered the kitchen, leering over Dustin. “Why the fuck are you emptying the fridge?” Dustin seemed totally unintimidated.

“To put the dead demodog in it, obviously.” Billy threw up his hands in surrender.

“Whatever, Henderson. Do what you like.”

“Steve could you grab the demodog and shove it in the fridge for me?”

“Why?”

“Just do it.” Steve begrudgingly wrapped the dog in a quilt and carried it into the kitchen. It was a lot heavier than it looked, its head lolling back and forth, getting grey slime all down Steve’s jeans.

“Urgh, gross.” he shook his leg violently, only to encourage more of the goop to slop out of it’s mouth.

“Is this really necessary?”

“Yes it is, okay? This is a ground breaking scientific discovery, we can’t just bury it like some common mammal, okay? It’s not a dog!”

“Alright,” Steve submitted, mostly to stop the lecture. “Alright, alright.” Steve haphazardly stuffed the creature into the fridge. “But you’re explaining this to Mrs Byers, alright?” Steve struggled to shove the creature horizontally into the oblong fridge. “Help me out.” He asked Dustin as he just stood and watched.

“What am I supposed to do?”

“The door, man, the door.”

“Alright, alright I got the door.” Steve stepped out the way as Dustin swung the door shut, helping him to shove it closed the last tricky couple of inches. Then came the lengthy clean up job. Lucas and Max began sweeping up the debris as Mike paced unhelpfully.

“Jesus, what is it with these kids and pacing.” Billy said to himself from the couch.

“Mike, would you just stop already.” Lucas asked.

“You weren’t there, okay, Lucas? That lab was swarming with

hundreds of those dogs.”

‘DEMODOGS!’ Dustin called unhelpfully from the kitchen.

‘The chief will take care of her.’ Replied Lucas to Mike.

‘If she even needs protection.’ Max added.

‘Listen, dude, if a coach calls a play in a game, bottom line, you execute it. All right?’ The words sounded comforting in Steve’s head, but out in the open they just sound trivial.

‘Okay first of all this isn’t some stupid sports game,’ Mike retaliated.

‘And second, we aren’t even in the game, we’re on the bench.’

‘He’s got a point.’ Billy supplied, smiling at Steve’s scowl.

‘Right,uh ye-uh so my point is...’ Steve struggled to spin this in a positive light before giving up completely. ‘Right, we’re on the bench so uh, there’s nothing we can do.’ He said resignedly.

‘That’s not entirely true.’ Dustin said, visibly verbalising his thought process. ‘These demodogs, they have a hive mind. When they ran away from the bus they were called away.’

‘So if we get their attention.’ Lucas said.

‘Maybe we can draw them away from the lab.’ Max offered.

‘Clear a path to the gate.’ Max finished.

‘Yeah, and then we ALL DIE.’ Steve exclaimed.

‘That’s one point of view.’ Billy piped up.

‘No, that’s not a point of view, man. That’s a fact.’ Steve said to which Billy just shrugged.

‘I got it!’ Mike claimed as he pointed to a specific part of the crayon map. ‘This is where the chief dug his hole, this is our way into the tunnels. And here, right here.’ He said running across the room to a particularly large blue part. ‘This is like a hub. So you got all the tunnels feeding in here. Maybe if we see this in fire.’

‘Yep, that’s a no!’ Steve shot down that idea immediately. These kids were gonna get every single one of them killed, and then no one would hire Steve to babysit again.

‘The mind flayer would call away his army.’ Dustin spoke as if Steve was invisible.

‘They’d all come to stop us.’ Lucas defined.

‘Hey!’ Steve tried to break up this idea before it went too far.

‘We circle back to the exit.’ Mike continued.

‘Guys!’ Steve tried again with no success.

‘By the time they realise we’ve gone,’ Mike persisted.

‘El would be at the gate.’ Max finished. Billy was being strangely quiet, but Steve didn’t have the time to check in.

“Hey, hey, hey!” Steve shouted, clapping, and all around making a commotion. “This is not happening!”

“But-“

“Nonononono! I promised I’d keep you shitheads safe, and that’s exactly what I plan on doing, right Billy?” Steve turned to see the front door open, and Billy gone. The engine of Billy’s car came to life and the kid’s faces lit up.

“What are you fuckers standing around for, lets go!” Billy shouted from the driving seat.

“Your brother is so cool.” Dustin said the Max.

‘I’m starting to agree.’ Max smiled as the kids filtered out onto the driveway. Steve just sighed.

“Ah, fuck.”

## 19. Steve has an underwhelming coming out experience

The drive was relatively uneventful. Lucas and Max were squashed into the front seat barking directions at Billy. Steve, Mike and Dustin took the back.

"Next left!" Lucas squawked and Billy aggressively flicked the car into the middle of the pumpkin field.

"This is a really bad idea." Steve reiterated as the g-force of the car caused him to slam into the side of Dustin. They pulled up short at the side of a gaping hole in the field, and the six of them clambered out into the cold. "Hello! There is no way we are going in that hole! This ends NOW!" Steve protested, blocking the kids from getting past him.

"Steve, I know you're upset, I get it, but bottom line is a party member requires assistance, and it is our duty to provide that assistance." Dustin patted Steve on the arm as he walked past. "Now, I know you promised Nancy that you'd keep us safe." He opened the trunk of the car. "So keep us safe." He passed Steve his bat.

"I agree, this is an awful idea," Billy said. "But they're gonna do it anyway, might as well help 'em out." Steve rubbed his temple with two fingers.

"Alright, fine! But you keep behind Billy and I!" He turned to the kids who were already jumping into the opening. "Son of a bitch." Steve and Billy followed them down into the dank expanse of the tunnel. The walls were veiny and covered in that mucus-like grey stuff that coated the demodog.

"Holy shit." Billy said from behind Steve as they pulled up a scarf to guard their nose and mouth. The smell was putrid, like hot compost, but just distant enough to stop Steve from gagging. The air was full of suspended flakes of God knows what, as if the earth around them was decomposing. Steve began walking along the tunnel bat in hand.

"God." Lucas groaned in disgust as one of his gloved hands dragged against the slime riddled wall.

"What is this place?" Max said as she stumbled along behind Billy."

At one point Dustin got sprayed with a rotten smelling liquid, but after the initial panic, it became obvious that the mask had stopped any negative effect.

"Very funny man," Steve punched him in the arm. "Nice, very nice."



After that he kept an especially close eye on Dustin, knowing that if any of them were gonna get themselves killed, it was gonna be him. After what felt like an eternity, the group came to the opening. "Alright, Wheeler," Steve announced. "I think we found your hub." "Drench it." Mike responded, to which everyone reacted by covering the place in the metallic smelling petroleum they'd brought by the gallon. They all retreated down the tunnel they'd came down and Billy got out his lighter.

"You ready?"

"Ready." Max and Lucas nodded."

"Light her up." Dustin gave the thumbs up.

"I am in such deep shit." Steve sighed. Billy flicked the lighter open and set the tunnel alight. Then began the mad scramble back down the tunnel. The heat from the blaze was in conflict with the damp coldness of their surroundings and the wave of warmth carried them back down the passageway. "Oh my god oh my god oh my god." Steve muttered to himself as the situation dawned on him all over again. "Hey, this way, dipshits." He watched as the kids filtered past him so he and Billy were now at the back. As they came to the final junction and the howling began, they came face to face with one of the creatures. Just as Steve was about to bash it's brains in, Dustin stopped him and began talking to it.

"Dart? It's me Dustin. Will you let us past?" The beast growled aggressively and Steve readied himself to potentially knock this creature half a mile. "Okay, okay, I'm sorry. I'm sorry about the storm cellar, that was a pretty douchey thing to do."

"Is he really apologising to a monster from another dimension?" Billy said quietly.

"You hungry?" Dustin asked.

"He's insane." Lucas mumbled. Dustin relieved a candy bar from his pocket and Steve tended to agree.

"I've got our favourite? See? Nougat. Eat up, buddy." Dustin broke off small chunks and laid them out for the creature. "Come on, come on." Dustin gestured everyone past softly, before following on himself. "Goodbye, buddy." Steve heard Dustin say. The screeching was getting louder.

"What was that?" Max asked, sounding panicky.

"They're coming." Mike said ominously.

"Okay, let's go, let's go!" Steve ushered the kids back to the opening in the tunnel. He and Billy shoved Max, Lucas, Mike, followed by

Dustin as the dogs rounded the corner, and Steve only just had time to grab on to Billy's waist to stop either of them from being crushed in the stampede.

Steve was expecting death at any moment, and was nicely surprised when it didn't come. The dogs ran straight past them. "Holy shit."

"Obviously had more important places to be." Billy chuckled as he gave Steve a leg up and proceeded to climb out after him. "Damn, that was insane. Do you think it worked?" Steve brushed himself off.

"It better have, look how much shit I got in my hair."

"Don't worry, princess. You're still looking pretty." Steve was thankful of the mask to cover up his blush. Now was neither the time nor place for flirting. Max eyed him knowingly. She knew her brother too well not to figure out what was going on.

"Hey, assholes." She said, turning to the pair. "When where you gonna tell us you're dating?" Billy just grinned. "I knew it!" She said in triumph. "You had the nerve to give me an earful for hanging out with a black kid when you were dating a dude this whole time!"

"Touche." Billy winked at her.

"Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove?" Lucas wrinkled his nose.

"But...why?" Steve thought that was a fair question, and one he couldn't answer easily. He just shrugged.

"I don't know, Sinclair, why Max?" Billy replied. Lucas just glanced at Max awkwardly. Ahh, middle school crushes. They are the best of times, they are the worst of times. Mostly the worst.

"So you two have been dating this entire time?" Mike asked. "And my sister's been worried about your feelings?" Mike pointed at Steve.

"I couldn't exactly tell her! Not exactly the best time to spring on your ex that you're still good friends with 'I know how the world might end and everything and we just watched a dude get ripped limb from limb, but I just thought you should know I'm dating a dude now. Enjoy that complex' yeah, that would have been a really cool thing to do." Steve said defensively. Mike just scowled but let the subject drop.

"You're being very quiet, Dustin." Max turned to the boy, looking guilty.

"Uh, yeah about that." Dustin scratched his face awkwardly. "Totally already knew."

"WHAT?!" The three kids said in unison.

"Sorta kinda maybe walked in on them a couple days ago." Max looked visibly disgusted. "They told me not to say anything."

Everyone turned their attention back to Steve and Billy, looking totally blameworthy.

“What?” Steve felt really embarrassed. This isn’t at all how he’d imagined his coming out in the middle of the night. Not in the slightest. No one one clapping and congratulating like they had been in his head, everyone looked just slightly annoyed that they hadn’t worked it out before. The the headlights of Billy’s car rose to an indescribably high brightness, blinding the lot of them, and then stillness, as the light faded back down.

It was over.

## 20. Billy Hargrove, domestic goddess

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hi please leave a comment because I am lonely, also I'm working on a HArringrove playlist to listen to whilst I write so if you have any suggestions then lemme know xxx

"Fuck, my Dad's gonna kill me." Billy looked at the clock on Steve's mantelpiece. It was five a.m and it had taken them this long to get all the dirt and general grossness off their skin.

"You could always stay here a couple days until he calms down. Maybe give him a ring, see how mad he is." Max was sleeping on the couch beside them, Billy, resting himself on the arm.

"Maybe, it won't be because I didn't come home, it'll be because Max was gone when I was meant to be babysitting."

"Well I think you did a brilliant babysitting job." Steve placed a light kiss on Billy's mouth. "Come to bed." He pulled gently on Billy's arm and the two of them walked slowly up to Steve's room. Billy slapped Steve's ass. "I'm too tired for that gay shit." He smiled as he fell onto his bed, clean sweatpants and t-shirt being shed in the process.

"Whatever you want, princess." Billy lay behind him, arms snaking round his waist. It didn't take long for the two boys to drift off as the sun began to rise.

Sunday was the laziest day of Steve's life. He woke up to the sun streaming through his window, and a cold back where his boyfriend had been laying. He looked at the clock. 3 pm. Damn, that could have been a lot worse. Steve sat up, muscles sore from the night before and stretched. He slipped on his sweatpants and jogged down the stair. There was a smell of bacon in the air. As he strode into the kitchen, he saw the most domestic picture he'd ever seen. Max was sat at the table with a plate of bacon in front of her and Billy was at the stove, topless, jeans unbuckled revealing the top of his white underwear beneath, frying up three more rashers.

"Afternoon, princess. Wondered how long it would take for you to appear." Steve rubbed his eyes sleepily and plonked down in the seat opposite Max.

“Bacon?” He asked lazily.

“Food of kings.” Billy smiled. Steve looked at him like he was a totally different person.

“I don’t know either.” Max said reassuringly, chewing on her breakfast.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Billy flipped over the meat.

“Who are you and what have you done with Billy Hargrove?” Steve crossed his arms as Billy put a plate of fried bacon in front of him and kissed the top of his head. Even though he was taken aback by Billy’s new persona, the bacon did look rather good and he couldn’t resist tucking in. “You not having any?” Steve asked as Billy put the pan in the sink.

“Nah, had a liquid breakfast of the last of your beer.” Billy sank down into the chair next to Steve. “Sorry about that.” Billy took out a cigarette and lit it up.

“Does this mean I don’t have to go to school tomorrow?” Max asked hopefully. Billy huffed.

“No, it means you absolutely have to be in school so no one asks questions.” Steve said. He’d had to do the same last year, otherwise people get suspicious and they couldn’t afford this to get blown any more wide open. Nancy had already managed to get the lab shut down for good, they didn’t need any questions.

“Worth a try, I guess.” Max said getting up and putting her plate in the sink. “Do we have to go home, then?” Max asked Billy. He sighed and looked grim.

“I suppose it does. Right then, pretty boy, I’ll see you tomorrow.” Billy planted a deep kiss on Steve. He tasted of alcohol and sleep. Steve kept his eyes closed as Billy broke away and stood up. Max made a gagging noise. “Listen, short stuff. You keep your mouth shut about princess over there, and I don’t dog in Sinclair. Deal?” The two of them walked to Steve’s front door.

“Deal.” Max said and then they were gone.

## 21. Steve Harrington lives out his gay fantasies

### Notes for the Chapter:

hi there's smut here so if that ain't your thing then just skip this chapter, its not really integral to any sort of plot.

Steve was happy to take Dustin to the snow ball. He remembered his first proper school dance. He'd gone with a girl called Susan who he hadn't actually spoken to since. After a quick pep talk and a glance over at Nancy, Steve drove off to meet his boyfriend at their new favourite meeting point. The winter nights were bitter, but that clearing in the trees at the top off the cliffside overlooking the remains of the lab was mostly shielded from the wind.

"Hey, princess." Billy grinned as Steve got out of his car. They kissed slowly, shifting from side to side. Billy's hands roamed across Steve's body, as Steve held himself upright on Billy's shoulders. Their tongues met confidently and Steve felt safe. It had become a weekly Friday tradition to park up there for an hour or so and just make out, safe in the knowledge they wouldn't be intruded upon. Not much speaking was done, that was kept from when they both got back to Steve's later in the evening. Billy would stay until Saturday night, and would go home Sunday so his parent's didn't get pissy about missing church. Neither of them were religious, but the Hargrove's were and Neil Hargrove was not someone to argue with. Billy lifted Steve and placed him on the bonnet of his Car, legs spread eagle as Billy slipped in between. "When are your parent's home?" Billy asked.

"Not 'til Christmas Eve." Steve said between smooches.

"We don't have school 'til after New Year's." Billy pointed out.

"Hm, you're right, Hargrove. What are you suggesting?"

"Well," Billy mumbled into Steve's mouth. "What if I don't leave until the 23rd?"

"But today's the 18th, what on earth would we do?" Steve smiled into Billy. In answer, Billy bit Steve's bottom lip gently and placed a hand on Steve's bulge. "Ah, I see." Steve said, giggling. Billy broke away.

"Race you there! Last one back is a sloppy bottom!" Billy laughed as he launched himself into his car, Van Halen blaring fro the speakers

as he pulled away. Steve couldn't start up his engine fast enough. Billy and Steve arrived at his house one after the other and practically fell up the stairs together and onto Steve's bed.

"For Christmas, I'm getting you a quilt that isn't just blue and white stripes, it's like a prison cell in here sometimes." Billy said, stripping himself of his shirt, and placing messy kisses down Steve's jaw. Soon both boys were butt naked and Steve had never been more aroused. "Fuck me." Billy said into Steve's ear, before softly nipping the skin. He saddled Steve's hips and worked his hole with his fingers. Steve had never seen such a beautiful image. Billy's chest glimmered with the sheen of sweat, his cheek pink, eyes half lidded and mouth swollen. He couldn't keep his hands to himself, running his fingers over the sleek skin on Billy's chest as Billy's balls rubbed against his pubic bone.

"Fuck, you're so beautiful." He breathed up to Billy. "You're magnificent." Billy slipped his fingers out from behind him and lifted up onto his knees. Slowly, at a excruciating pace, Billy lowered himself down onto Steve's dick and Steve had to muster all of his self control not to buck up into him. "Oh fuck, you're so hot." Steve said, writhing under Billy's weight. Soon, Billy had Steve all the way inside him and was slowly riding Steve's cock, cheeks flushed, hands pressed on Steve's chest. Steve felt the tip of his dick hit a knot-like thing inside of Billy and In response, Steve watched as Billy's dick leaked a smooth line of precum and he let out a low guttural moan. After that, it was a whirlwind. Billy lined himself up so almost every thrust he gave hit the sweet spot and soon he was coming all over Steve's chest. All the muscles in Billy's ass clenched around Steve, tipping him over into bliss and he was coming into Billy in hot spurts and a desperate moan. Billy gently let Steve fall out of him and he slumped, half on the bed, half over Steve. Billy's cum sat in thick lines across Steve's chest, sticking the two boys together where their skin touched. "That might just be the hottest thing to ever happen to me." Steve mumbled, all of a sudden very tired. All he wanted was a nap and to kiss Billy some more but he had to be back at the school to pick up Dustin in just under an hour. He groaned and rubbed his face with a sweaty hand. "Come on, Hargrove, you can wash my back." Steve yanked a sleepy Billy into the bathroom and switched on the shower. He flicked some cold water at Billy's chest.

"Watch it, princess!" Billy smiled and flicked some back as Steve grabbed his wrist and wrestled him to the ground. The two naked

boys rolled about on the floor for a second before Billy caught Steve's mouth again.

After they were showered and dressed, Steve and Billy made their way back to the school.

"I thought you said Max was going home with Lucas?"

"She is," Billy explained. "But you can't expect me to sit in that house alone whilst you fulfil your parenting duties do you?" The both climbed into Steve's car and Wham! began blasting through the speakers. "Bold choice, Harrington." Steve just rolled his eyes.

"Shut up, idiot."

When they got to the school, the kids were just starting to filter out of the hall. Dustin, Lucas and Max all jogged over to Steve's car. Billy hopped out to let Dustin into the back.

"Looking good, Henderson." Dustin gave Billy a high-five as he jumped into the back. A number of middle school kids were looking over at the car with a mixture of curiosity and amazement.

"Damn, Steve, you're doing wonders for street crew right now." Lucas turned to see the kids looking at Steve and Billy in awe. "Not many middle schoolers are genuinely friends with high school seniors."

"Glad to be on service." Steve smiled out at Lucas. "You sure you two don't want a ride?"

"No thanks," Max said "I can see Lucas's dad waiting for us."

"Okay, well no funny business." Billy pointed and scowled. "Sinclair keep your hands away from my sister." Max just rolled her eyes as Lucas nodded nervously.

"You can talk, why have you both got wet hair if you haven't been trying to cover up some sort of evidence?" "Get lost, squirt." Billy grinned and got back in the car. As Steve started up the engine again, Wham! came back at full force.

"Wham!? Really?" Dustin said as Steve drove off.

"Shut up Dustin, this is a modern classic." Steve turned it up. Billy just chuckled from the passenger seat.



## 22. Boys get Busted

Steve had an almost perfect life. He had a scholarship to the same college as his boyfriend, who was also perfect, almost all of his friends were fine with his relationship with Billy. The only issue was this: His father had found out.

After about 3 months of utter bliss when it came to his relationship, his parents had come back for an extended amount of time whilst his dad sorted out the admin for the following financial year. Billy and He had been so careful not to be in any tricky positions when his parents were home, but seeing as late February was a bitter time of year, and Billy's house was a non-starter, they still found themselves in the Harrington household a lot of the time.

Billy had even started picking Steve up for school in the morning so they didn't have to lug around both cars wherever they went.

It was a Friday night and Steve's parents had gone to a business meal in the city. They'd said not to expect them home that evening so after school he and Billy went straight back to his place.

In retrospect it could have been a lot worse. Billy's arm was flung over Steve's shoulders as Mr and Mrs Henderson shuffled in through the front door at approximately 10 pm. If that had been it, the two of them could have ignored it and shrugged it off as totally innocent. However, Billy's lack of a shirt and the massive hickey on Steve's jaw was probably what gave them away.

"Mom, Dad," Steve tried to brush it off as no big deal, "this is my friend, Billy." Steve's mom smiled politely and shook Billy's hand.

"Nice to meet you, Billy. Are you staying with us tonight?" Billy turned on the charm, but Steve could tell he was shitting himself. So was he.

"If that's alright, Mrs Harrington, I wouldn't wish to intrude."

"Oh, don't be silly sweetheart. Just pick a room." Billy nodded.

"Thank you so much, what a kind lady you are." Billy winked at Steve's mom and Steve felt just slightly sick.

"George Harrington." Steve's dad shook Billy's hand suspiciously.

"Lovely to meet you." Billy smiled. "Steve's told me a lot about your work. Truly very interesting."

"Yes, well." Steve's dad was visibly uncomfortable and Steve didn't really know what to do. His mother kept trying to catch his eye but he daredn't look at her for fear of her reaction. "We'll be upstairs if

you need us.”

“Thanks again, Mr Harrington. Really appreciate your hospitality.” Steve’s dad disappeared up stairs.

“Steve, darling, could I have a quick word.” Steve’s mom ushered him into the kitchen and closed the door. “He seems nice.”

“Yep.”

“What was his name again?”

“Billy.”

“How long have you been seeing a boy?”

“What?! Mom?! ”

“Do you think I was born yesterday, Steven? Hm? Anyway you have a love bite the size of New Mexico on your jaw.” Steve brought his hand up to cover the bruise. “I hope you know what you’re doing, sweetheart. You’re father isn’t gonna like this, you know.” Steve nodded. “And you’re sleeping in separate rooms. Not having any of that funny business in my house.” Steve just sighed.

“Can I go now?”

“Fine, but tell that boy to put his clothes on.” Steve made his way back to the living room.

“You been evicted?” Billy said, looking awkward.

“No, but you have to put your shirt on.” Billy sighed and pulled his Led Zeppelin t-shirt back over his head. “And you aren’t getting laid tonight.”

“Son of a bitch.” Billy took a long swig of his Beer.

“Would probably have felt a bit weird with my parents in the house anyway. You aren’t exactly quiet.”

“You love it.” Billy retaliated as he unparsed the VHS.

Billy ended up leaving very late that evening, not wanting to face Steve’s parents again in the morning. Steve was embarrassed and sexually frustrated, a truly awful combination. He dreaded his Dad’s reaction but he was more worried about what the outcomes would be.

He purposely slept in as long as possible to avoid his father, but it was all futile as at dinner that evening, he was forced to look his father in the eye.

“Why have you done this, Steven? What have I done to deserve this?”

“You think I’m seeing Billy to make you upset? You really think I’d do that to Billy? Or to you?” Steve stared at his Father over the

vegetables. "I'm dating him because I want to, not because you've pissed me off."

"Language." Steve's mother chided.

"Sorry mom, could you pass the broccoli."

"Nancy was so nice, why have you chosen now to be gay?"

"I didn't choose, Dad."

"Bullshit." Steve really didn't want to have an argument with him.

"I'm not gay, dad, I still like girls. I just like Billy right now."

"Well you better get over it. This better just be a phase."

"It's not a phase, Dad."

"Well you better start house hunting, son, because I'd rather pay for you to live in your own place then sleep in this house with you and your boy-toy under the same roof ever again."

"Seriously? You're kicking me out?"

"No, I'm renting you a flat so I don't have to deal with this."

"George, think about it a while?" His mum suggested.

"No, Helen, I was thinking about it all night and I want him out. You've got until the spring break to find somewhere suitable."

"Or what?" Steve asked, on the defence.

"Then I'm getting the locks changed." That gave Steve three weeks to find a place.

That was ignoring the other problem. One that concerned his school life.

Tommy was beginning to cotton on.

## 23. The Gappening (Gay Happening)

Steve was sat in the passengers seat as Billy pulled into the school parking lot and he felt like he could breath for the first time since 9:59 on Friday night.

“Hey, princess,” Billy strode over and planted a sneaky kiss on Steve’s cheek. “Guess what?”

“Hm? Steve looked at Billy to see the obvious happiness in his face, he tried to replicate it, but feared he looked sarcastic.

“Wait, are you okay?” Billy asked worriedly, cupping Steve’s face with both hands. “What happened?” Steve swatted Billy’s hands away as a car pulled into the parking lot.

“It’s fine, tell me something good first.”

“Okay,” Billy smiled. “I came out to Susan. She’d like to meet you some time.”

“Oh, man that’s sweet, I’m so proud of you!” Steve was genuinely so happy for his boyfriend, that must have been really scary for him, what if Susan had told Neil? Billy looked chuffed.

“She was all ‘where’d you keep running off to, you’re hardly here?’ and I was all ‘I kinda met someone, Susan!’ And she was all ‘Is she nice? What’s her name?’ and I was just like ‘Steve.’ And for a couple seconds I thought she was gonna slap me but then she started laughing and she gave me a hug and said she was happy for me and that she should have guessed because no one as pretty as me was destined to be with a chick, apparently and y’know I tend to agree.” Steve chuckled, actually feeling a bit better after hearing Billy’s cheeky voice recount his weekend. “So, why do you look like someone just ran over your puppy?”

“Well I talked to my Dad about this,” He gestured between the two of them.

“You’re not dumping me are you?” Billy smiled, sticking his tongue out a little bit.

“What, no! No, it’s just...My dad’s asked me to move out.”

“What? He’s throwing you out?”

“Not quite. He’s renting me a flat or some shit. Seems totally counterproductive. He said he didn’t want to have deal with me but surely it’s a lot more hassle renting a flat than it is dealing with gay sex in your house.”

“I don’t know man, that’s rough but look on the bright side, we don’t

have to time dates to the minute anymore. No more awkward walk ins, no more fear. This could be amazing.” Billy was really making him feel much better. He’d spent the weekend fixated on his dad making him move out that he hadn’t really considered the good bits. “We can be as gay as we like, when we like!” Steve chuckled and let Billy give him a light kiss.

“Alright, alright. Let me kick your ass in gym and I might just brighten up.” As Steve walked toward the school, he felt Billy slap his ass lightly. “Watch it, Hargrove.” He smiled back in the cool February air.

Tommy was watching them closely that day. He didn’t let either of them leave his sight for the entirety of gym, especially when they were both subbed out together. Steve and Billy were doing an amazing job of being Straight Bros, not flirting, not touching unnecessarily, generally being two normal, heterosexual pals. The game went without a hitch, Billy even let Steve draw with him. 2-2. ‘Nice’ thought to himself. ‘Dating the only basketball player in this school better than me is really paying off.’ The showers were slightly more challenging. The urge to touch Billy’s soap slicked skin was like an itch Steve wasn’t allowed to scratch, and he could feel Tommy staring at him.

“Eye’s to yourself, Tommy.” He jested washing the soap out of his hair.

“You can talk, I’ve been watching you all morning. Can’t keep your eyes off each other.” Steve shrugged it off best he good. “Anyone would think you were a couple of fags.” Tommy huffed a laugh, obviously expecting Billy to join in. Instead, Billy turned to Tommy abruptly.

“Hey,” He said angrily. “Watch it, dickface.” Tommy looked confused.

“Sorry, dude, just joking with you.” Tommy grabbed his towel and made a swift exit.

“You gotta keep that temper of yours under control, Hargrove. People will talk.”

“How dare he talk to you like that.” Billy flicked the shower off aggressively.

“Mmmm, I like you being protective.” Steve cooed as he also turned the water off and grabbed his towel.

“Yeah, well good because I’m this close to bashing his face in.” Billy

made a gesture with his thumb and index finger. Steve kissed his cheek as he walked past.

"Thank you."

Steve didn't see Billy until the end of the day. He sat on the roof of Billy's car until he appeared, as usual, only this time his face was a little bruised and his knuckles were bloody.

"What did you do?" Steve slipped off the roof of the car and studied Billy's face, holding him still with his thumb on his chin. Billy didn't say a word. "Did you kill him?" Steve smiled.

"Not quite. Probably guessed that we're fuckin' though." Billy rubbed his knuckles. "Man, that douchebag has a solid skull." Steve couldn't help finding that just a bit funny.

"Don't go beating people up for me again, and if anyone asks I didn't tell you to do it, okay?"

"Fine, but you're gonna thank me when he leaves us alone from now on." He pressed a light kiss to Steve's mouth before rounding the car to the driver's side.

"You okay to drive?" Steve asked warily.

"Course I am, I'm not a puss like you, anyway I've driven with way worse than a black eye and bruised knuckles before."

"Is that meant to impress me?" Steve asked as he slid into the car.

"Is it working?" Billy answered.

"Maybe a little."

"Hurry up and find a flat so I can fuck you in peace." With that Billy pulled out of the parking lot.

"It's official." Billy said as Steve got into his car the next morning.

"What?" Steve said, buckling up and forcibly turning down the blaring Mötley Crüe. He didn't know how Billy could stand it first thing in the morning.

"This is officially the longest relationship I've ever had! And I don't even hate you yet!" Billy leant over and kissed him on the cheek before pulling away.

"We've literally been together three and a half months, B."

"I know, but I'm not usually the relationships kinda guy. I'm real good at the physical part but not the actual boyfriend bit."

"Well you're doing fantastic, I think." Billy turned up the music again and looked so damn happy as he zoomed along in the winter sunlight that Steve didn't even mind that it was making his ears ache.

As they walked into the corridor of the high school, Billy found himself pinned to the wall by someone, launching at them from nowhere. Steve just watched as Tommy proceeded to punch Billy in the gut, before his own protective instincts kicked in and he pulled Tommy away to face him.

"Hey, Hill!" Steve punched him right in his stupid, freckled face, already littered with bruises. Quickly, Billy regained his composure and pushed Tommy to the floor. He place a swift kick to Tommy's stomach.

"Don't fuck with us. We might be raging fags, but we'll kick the shit outta you." Steve had to practically pull Billy away from the mound of Tommy splayed on the floor.

"Come on, B, come on!" People were staring, a small crowd had gathered round them and Steve shoved the two of them through into the toilets. "You okay?" Billy nodded

"Took me by surprise. Didn't even hurt, I'll be surprised if I even get bruises. Solid right hook, Pretty boy. Who taught you to punch like that?" Steve kissed Billy with a new found appreciation for the boy.

"Damn, princess," Billy looked at Steve lovingly. "You're so pretty."

"Come on, softy, we're gonna be late."

## 24. Steve's in control

### Notes for the Chapter:

Smut, just an FYI, but tbh this is one of the best smut scenes I've ever written so I hope you like it.

“Hey.” Billy sat down next to Steve, Nancy and Jonathan in the canteen at lunchtime that day.

“Hey, Billy.” Nancy smiled. Steve had told Nancy not long after that night in November, although she'd practically already guessed. He was unsure if Jonathan knew, if Nancy had told him yet, but he hadn't said anything about it to Steve, and as his chewing slowed as Billy sat down, Steve could guess not. Nancy had been nothing but lovely about it and her and Steve had a really good friendship now.

“Listen, while you're all here I've been meaning to talk to you.”

“Oh?” Steve looked at Billy, eyebrows furrowed.

“About what happened in November.”

Oh. Steve hadn't spoke to anyone about it since it happened, mostly because it felt weird to be the one to bring it up. “That was real, right? I feel like I've been going mad. The day after I was certain I'd made up the whole thing, it wasn't until Max said something last night that I had the confidence to say something.”

“Yeah, yeah it was real.” Steve grabbed Billy's hand.

“Shit. That was fucked up, right?”

“Totally fucked.” Jonathan spoke to the first time since Billy had joined them.

“Listen, something similar happened last year, and I lost my friend Barb and I knew it was real but I became convinced I'd gone mad.” Nancy took Billy's other hand, making eye contact. “It's okay if you're feeling a bit weird about the whole thing. It's bullshit, Billy. We can't even tell anyone about the trauma we've been through. We just have to deal with it together.” Billy nodded in understanding.

“What happened to her? Barb I mean.”

“She died, Billy. Just like Bob did. But she was lost and alone.” Nancy began to well up and Jonathan put an arm around her.

“Hey, hey now. It's okay, you're okay.” Nancy nodded and wiped her face.

“Yeah, yeah I'm fine. But the most important thing is you are allowed



to talk about it with us. We get it.” Nancy nodded reassuringly at Billy and he smiled weakly. They went and they all dispersed.

The radio was off in Billy’s car on the way home. That unnerved Steve.

“You okay?”

“What? Yeah. Yeah I’m fine.” Billy shuffled in his seat.

“Bullshit.” Billy huffed and made a U-turn. “Where are we going?”

“The Quarry. Then I’m gonna fuck you because it’s been over a week and the only time I see you without clothes on I’m not even allowed to touch you.”

“Wait, you’re grumpy cuz you’re horny?”

“No, I’m horny because I haven’t had sex in over a week and I’m grumpy because I...wait yeah, yeah I’m grumpy cuz I’m horny. You’re right.” Billy turned the radio on then. It was Steve’s Wham! tape. “Man, I need to get you into something not quite as...gay.”

“Whatever, George Micheal is my muse.” Steve crossed his arms.

“Now who’s grumpy.”

Billy yanked Steve into the back of the Camaro. He’d parked them in an alcove in the side of the quarry wall. First to be stripped off was their shirts, the deep red of Steve’s favourite of Billy’s shirts and Steve’s green sweater mingling on the back of the driver’s seat. After a make out break, Billy began unbuckling the belt of Steve’s jeans.

“Hey, B?” Steve looked up from under a kneeling Billy.

“Hm?” He began kissing down Steve’s chest, ravishing him like some starved animal.

“Do you like bottoming?”

“I like it both ways equally, very different experiences though.” He began wriggling his own jeans off, giving up on Steve’s stiff blue drainpipes. “Why?” Steve pulled off his own pants and threw them in the front with the rest of their clothing.

“You make it look so beautiful. All blues and pinks and golds.” Steve smiled up, running his hands up and down Billy’s chest, wrapping his hand in the chain that hung loosely round his neck. Billy never took it off and Steve could tell that it was very special to him. He handled it gently, tugging Billy down to meet his mouth. “D’you think I’d like it?” he mumbled.

“We can add that to the list of things to discover, “ Billy bit down lightly on Steve’s soft lips, “but right now I just want you inside me.”

Steve was instantly hard as Billy whispered into his ear. Steve flipped them over, more confident than ever. "You gonna fuck me, Harrington?" Billy said lightly, but his eyes were full of lust and want. Steve pulled off Billy's underwear and dropped them onto the floor. Billy allowed one of his legs to fall off the edge of the seats so that Steve could get between his legs. And there he was, the Billy Steve only got to see during sex. His harsh edges melting into soft curves and bursts of colour. Steve slicked his index finger with spit and reached under Billy.

"You okay?" Steve asked, unsure he was allowed to touch Billy like this, but Billy was just watching him, pupils blown wide. He nodded slightly, his lips parted a little. Steve slowly slipped his finger gently into Billy, just half an inch and watched Billy's eye's flicker shut. He pushed in a little deeper, then a little deeper.

"Another." Billy breathed out. Steve slowly added another finger, watching Billy's cheeks deepen from a light pink to a deep fuchsia. "Just fuck me already." Billy's head fell forward, his chin resting on his chest.

"I'm gonna fuck you real slow. You're gonna feel all of me." Steve slowly pulled out his fingers, shed his own underwear and pulled himself up between Billy's legs. He left a trail of wet kisses up his chest, before finding Billy's mouth. He lined himself with one hand and slowly pushed into Billy, heat enveloping him immediately. Billy groaned loudly into Steve's mouth. Steve pushed into Billy his entire length, hitting that familiar knot deep inside, and Billy's mouth fell open. Now that he'd located it, Steve aimed for it each time. He pulled out so slow, Billy was writhing beneath him, but Steve held his hips still with his hands. "No cheating." He murmured into Billy's neck. He looked down between their flush bodies and saw Billy's aching cock bouncing between them. As he thrust in again slowly, he used one hand to brush Billy's dick lightly. Billy groaned, but didn't speak. Steve, mostly because he couldn't bare it himself, began to speed up a little, careful to still hit Billy's sweet spot each time, until Billy was moaning continuously. Steve's orgasm snuck up on him. He was so caught up in the image of Billy beneath him, his orgasm hit him like a brick wall. He spilt into Billy, and no sooner had his orgasm hit that he felt Billy spill into his hand. Billy groaned loudly and smashed his mouth against Steve's, forcing his tongue deep into Steve, and growled low in his throat. "Fuck, me."

"I just did." Steve giggled into Billy's mouth.

"Best fuck I ever had, Harrington." He collapsed back on the tan leather, sticking to his sweaty skin. "You better never leave me. No one should be fucked like that and then left." Steve's heart did a little skip. He purposefully leant across Billy to grab his underwear from the gap between the front and back. He slipped his underwear back on and looked at his stunning boyfriend, smiling up him calmly.

"Now you're in a good mood."

"I'll even let you listen to Wham! all the back to yours."

"I need my own flat. I don't want to leave you yet."

"Then don't."

"Go again?"

"Oh, no, I don't think I could even if I wanted."

"Oh thank God, me nether."

"Come stay with me tonight? Come meet Susan? My dad's away. Perks of my Grandma dying."

"Oh, sorry about your Grandma."

"Don't be she was a total bitch." Steve raised an eyebrow. "So you'll stay over?"

"Sure."

"Hey princess."

"Hm?"

"What you just did,"

"What about it?"

"That was pretty gay, dude." Billy smiled evilly.

"Oh, yeah, says the naked dude." Steve scoffed.

## 25. Meet the (step) Parent

### Notes for the Chapter:

So i describe a lot of Billy and Max's house here and I vaguely stuck to the canon from the show but I sort of made up bits because i couldn't be bothered to keep referring back to the show (((plus I prefer my idea anyway lol))) Anyone from the UK reading this, do you think this sounds more like a UK house lay out than a U.S one?

Steve realised as the pulled into Billy's front yard that he had never seen Billy's room. He had no idea what to expect. Maybe it was as boring as his was, but somehow he highly doubted that. Billy opened the front door and let Steve passed.

"Welcome to Hargrove House."

"And Mayfield!" Max called from the kitchen. "Oh hi Steve." She smiled up at him from her place at the kitchen table with her homework splayed out in front of her. The house wasn't what Steve had expected. It was fairly small but it was full of homely bits and bobs. The kitchen had primrose coloured walls and pine coloured worktops. the cupboard doors were white with beige handles and the floor was tiled with a terracotta hexagonal pattern. The kitchen table sat right in the middle of the room, taking up much of the floorspace and round it was a mismatch of chairs, all from different sets. There was a dusty pink lampshade hanging low above the table, leaving the corners of the room dim, but Steve imagined that during the day the sun would light up the whole room nicely. Either side of the large window hung slightly limp looking reddy-brown curtains and a lace blind hung behind them. Steve liked it, it smelt like Billy but also more feminine, more homey than aftershave and skin.

"Where's Susan?" Billy asked, ruffling Max's hair playfully.

"In the living room I think. Maybe she's taken up meditation again?"

"In which case she'll be in the garden."

"Pretty cold for outdoor meditation." Steve pointed out.

"You have no idea." Billy said. He took Steve back through to the living room. It was the same shape as the kitchen, sort of rectangular, longer than it was wide, a window at one end but this room also had

a set of glass sliding doors into the garden. The floor was a pale hard wood, covered by a large beige rug and the walls were a cream coloured wallpaper with a fine flowery pattern embossed onto it. There was a well worn rose coloured couch adjacent to the window wall, scattered with embroidered cushions and a TV stand opposite. In the far corner by the doors was a green leather armchair with a stack of books piled next to it and a small bookshelf tucked to one side. The walls were littered with photographs, mostly of Max and a strawberry blonde woman Steve assumed to be Susan and one or two of what appeared to be Susan and Neil's wedding day. On the TV stand was a small faded photo of a blue eyed, blond haired boy, no older than about 7 looking up into the camera. Steve went over to it and smiled. The room was full of potted plants, from succulents to spider-plants to the odd vase of flowers.

"Susan likes them, thinks they clean the air or some shit." Billy took Steve out into the back where a small lawn and paved area was surrounded by 5 ft brick wall. On the patio was a blanket, and a slender woman with orange hair pulled back into a messy ponytail was sat with her legs crossed and eyes shut.

"Billy, is that you?" She said. "I'm nearly done, then I'll do some food."

"Yeah, its me Susan. I brought you someone to meet."

"Hey." Steve said awkwardly, not wanting to approach her and ruin her concentration. Her eyes flicked open and a smiled spread over her face. She gasped.

"You must be Steve!" She launched herself at him and squashed his outstretched hand in a hug.

"Alright, alright, don't suffocate my boyfriend first time you meet him. Thought now would be a good time seeing as Neil's out of the way." Billy explained. She smiled at Steve as she pulled away but it faltered slightly when her husband was brought up.

"He's a good man, can be very kind, but he's set in his ways and so his ways have to be our ways when he's around." Susan held Steve's hand tightly. "You understand, don't you dear?"

"Yes, yeah, my dad's similar." He smiled back

"Are you staying long? Oh do stay for dinner!"

"Actually, Susan if it's okay with you, Steve was gonna stay over?"

"Okay, well we don't have a spare room so I trust you not to get up to anything tonight okay?" She winked at the two of them and Billy just laughed.

“Okay, thanks Susan, we’ll be upstairs if you need us.”

The staircase was narrow and steep and was floored with the same hard wood as the living room, painted with the same yellow as the kitchen. The yellow covered the entirety of the upstairs hallway. Billy opened the door closest to the top of the stairs and a waft of warm air scented with a mixture of products hit Steve and drew him in. The hard floor matched the hallway, although it was barely visible under a sea of discarded clothing and random bits of forgotten schoolwork and Billy’s bed was shoved lazily in one corner. There was a closet squeezed in next to it and a mirror and small ledge cluttered with a number of products opposite. Next to the mirror was a wide window, framed with dark green curtains and a large stereo and speakers beneath. Billy had a number of posters on the wall, mostly of metal bands, as well as a few skimpily clad women. That made Steve smile. The walls were a mottled cream and there were a number of shelves were sparsely littered with random belongings.

“Welcome to my humble abode.”

“Certainly more characterful than my ‘prison cell’ “ Steve said as he planted a slow kiss on Billy.

“What was that for?” Billy asked quietly.

“Do I need a reason?” Steve responded.

“You certainly do not.” Billy smiled and planted another one on Steve.

“Urgh, are you gonna be doing that all night?” Max said staring in the open doorway.

“If you’re lucky.” Billy flung back.

“You’re disgusting.” Max grimaced and walked across the corridor to her ow room and shut the door. Steve swung the door closed.

“I thought Susan put a ban on that stuff?”

“She did, but since when do I follow the rules?”

## 26. Sexy boyfriends play Sherlock and Watson role-play

"You don't really seem like the family meal kinda guy," Steve said with Billy's head in his lap.

"I'm not, but it's the one rule Susan has and she's so good to me. I'd feel weird not going." Steve nodded in understanding. There are some rules you just don't question. Like Steve's 11 pm curfew. It doesn't matter where he's going, if he doesn't ring to say he's not coming home, his mother would skin him alive.

"Can I use your phone?"

"On the wall in the living room." Billy lifted his head slightly so Steve could slip out from under him. "Nice ass." He purred ass Steve got up.

"Don't objectify me." Steve feigned hurt.

"Nice intellect."

"Better."

"Hey, mom it's me."

"Hey, baby."

"Yeah, I'm staying at Billy's this evening so don't keep me any food."

"Oh."

"Okay well I love you--"

"Steven?"

"Hm?"

"Is that a good idea? Your father won't like it."

"He's already asked me to leave mom, not much worse he can do."

"Only if you don't stop all this silliness."

"Silliness?"

"Yes, just stop it and come home."

"See you tomorrow, mom." Steve was bored of this particular conversation so he hung up and went back upstairs.

"How's your mom?"

"I'll give her one thing, she is persistent. She's been telling me to 'just stop it' for the last 3 days." Billy just rolled his eyes. "Hey, B?"

"Mhm?" Billy rested his head back on Steve's lap and closed his eyes.

"What's with the poster?" Steve looked at the half naked woman pinned up next to Billy's mirror.

"Hey, I can like girls too, right?"

"What? Yeah but I don't look anything like her." "Your point being?"

"Am I even your type?" Billy chuckled.

"Why, Harrington? You insecure?"

"What if I am?"

"I call you pretty boy for a reason, you know."

"I just don't know what you see in her."

"Mostly its the lack of clothing. Oh wait, that's what on her, what I see in her is mostly me." Billy obviously found himself very funny. Steve just looked at the ceiling and collected himself.

"Your sense of humour is..."

"Flawless?"

"I was gonna say flawed but sure, if you wanna say flawless, wheres the harm?"

Susan put on a fine spread of microwave fries and breaded chicken of some variety. It was bland but familiar, and was helped endlessly with a healthy portion of ketchup.

"So, Steve, what's your plans for after the summer?" Susan asked, chewing a fry.

"Business at college I reckon, as long as I get my scholarship it should all be fine. Need a GPA of 3.5 and a place on the basketball team and I'm in."

"Oh, Billy that sounds the same as you." Susan poked Billy's arm who was not really paying attention to his surrounding and focused more on wolfing down the food in front of him as quickly as possible, as if he was scared someone was gonna take it away from him.

"That's cuz it is, Susan. Same college too." He said round a chicken nugget. "Don't freak out, we'd already both applied before I'd even joined HHS." That seemed to pacify the wide eyed woman a little bit.

"Maxine, you're very quiet this evening, you feeling okay?" Susan felt Max's forehead with her manicured hand. Max nodded.

"I'm fine. I have a question though." She turned to her step-brother.

"Can you keep it down tonight? I can hear everything you two say, let alone your...movements." She danced sideways at her mother. Billy just grinned with a mouth full of fries.

"Your brother has promised me no monkey-business." Max visibly shuddered. Steve felt uncomfortable, but then again, this woman wasn't Billy's mom, so he decided to let it go.

"Well I'll know if there is and I'll make sure to report back at breakfast. I'm done, can I go?"

"Course, sweetheart." Susan smiled at her daughter as she got up. As



she left the room Susan turned back to the boys. "Listen, this is a bit unsavoury at the dinner table and Billy's probably gonna hate me but I'm sure no one else is gonna mention it to you." Steve braced himself for an awkward conversation. "Are you safe?" Billy abruptly stopped chewing. "Don't look at me like that, Billy. You know that AIDs thing is starting to snowball in your community. I'd hate for something awful to happen." Steve coughed. He'd seen the commercials on television warning of this new gay disease. It unnerved him but it sounded like something from a movie.

"Susan, you know for a fact I got tested in Cali after I got gonorrhoea from that hispanic chick." Steve stayed very quiet, trying not to react. "You know I'm clean."

"Yes, but did they test for AIDs or HIV or whatever it's called?"

"I don't know, Susan. I didn't think to ask, surprise surprise."

"What about you, Steve? Are you clean?"

"Uh, I-I think so." Steve began to blush. "I don't have Billy's... history..." He could see Billy holding in a laugh in his peripheral vision.

"Come on, Susan, leave the boy alone." He chuckled.

"Sorry if I made you uncomfortable, but I couldn't help hearing you talking to your mom, doesn't sound like she's a fan of our Billy."

"It's okay, Mrs Hargrove, I appreciate the thought. And it's not Billy. My mother actually thinks he's rather charming."

"If Billy is one thing, it's charming." Susan winked at Steve.

"Okay, well Susan, this was lovely but we're gonna disappear now before princess here dies of embarrassment." Billy gestured for Steve to stand and ushered him quickly back up the stairs.

"I'm so sorry." Billy giggled.

"Don't worry about it, I like Susan. She is full of good intentions."

"I think she has a bit of a crush on you, actually."

"Oh yeah?"

"She kept looking at you."

"I think she was just checking I wasn't a total butterface." Steve ran his hands through his hair and sat down facing Billy, both crosslegged on his bed. "Tell me something unimportant."

"What?"

"Tell me something totally useless."

"Like what?"

"I don't care."

“Okay, uh a group of pugs is called a grumble.” Billy smiled.

“Really?” Steve chortled.

“Yep.”

“Tell me something unimportant about you.”

“I’ve been thinking about cutting my hair short.”

“Really?”

“No, course not. There’s just nothing unimportant about me that’s also true.” Steve rolled his eyes. Their knees were touching and Steve found even that innocent amount of contact endlessly distracting.

“Okay, well tell me something important, then.”

“Oh, god, where do I start. My favourite song is Panama by Van Halen, my favourite colour is green, I regret deciding on economics at college and I might pull out, I wash my hair four times a week so it never gets greasy and I’m finding myself very attracted to you right now.”

“Is this all important information?”

“Clearly it is, Harrington.”

“Interesting.” Steve smiled and leant forward into Billy’s kiss. Billy pushed him away.

“Alright, your turn.”

“Okay, well, using your structure as a reference, my favourite song is Careless Whisper by George Micheal, go ahead, laugh, it’s the best song ever written so fuck you, my favourite colour is-

“Blue.” Billy smiled. Steve looked smug.

“My favourite colour is actually orange so once again fuck you.”

“Orange? Really?” Billy scrunched up his nose.

“Hey, now, nothing wrong with orange.”

“Vomit colour.” Billy grimaced.

“Says the guy who likes green best. Anyway, I wash my hair every day because I put so much product in it,”

“Which ones?”

“Will you stop interrupting?” Billy just smiled. “And I’m not telling you it’s a Harrington family secret.”

“It’s the Farah Fawcett spray, isn’t it?” Steve’s surprise gave away his answer. “Saw it in your bathroom. I knew that spray wasn’t your moms. Her hair isn’t the right length for that shit, plus she has a block fringe, it’d never hold.”

“Fuck you, Sherlock Holmes.” Steve jabbed Billy in the chest.

“Is that an order, Watson?”

## Notes for the Chapter:

What? That title was not misleading, I have no idea what you're talking about. leave me kudos or a comment xxx

## 27. Sleepy and Sloppy

They'd spent the remainder of the night flicking through Billy's comprehensive tape collection, Steve selecting the odd one to keep in Billy's car for the run to and from school. In the end he selected 3 tapes, a Van Halen one that Billy had mixed himself, The Beatle's Lonely Heart's Club Band and a Best hits from Depeche Mode, a band he'd never heard of, but were apparently very big in the UK.

Steve had surprised himself, falling asleep on Billy's chest fairly early in the evening, not waking up until Billy had poked him in the ribs so he could get up to go to the bathroom.

"You better not have drooled on my shirt, Harrington."

"Suck it, Hargrove." He mumbled sleepily, relaxing back into Billy's sheets. They smelt of him, but not like his products. Like his skin, his sweat, his hair, him. Steve found it endlessly comforting and fell into it easily. He'd already dozed back off by the time Billy came back and began stripping Steve out of his jeans.

"A little cooperation, princess?" Billy asked as Steve's heavy limbs prevented Billy from getting his jeans off. "Come on, you know if I let you sleep in your jeans you'll hate me tomorrow." Steve just grunted and lifted up his hips so Billy could ease them down. "Arms." Billy ordered. Steve limply lifted his arms as Billy yanked off his jumper. Steve crawled under the comforter and felt as a similarly undressed Billy slipped in next to him. "Guess I'm not getting laid again then?" Steve just put his finger to Billy's lips, missing completely with his closed eyes and proved Billy in the cheek instead.

"Shhhhhhhhhhh. Your bed is nicer than mine." Steve muttered.

"Whatever you want, princess." Steve crawled towards Billy's warm skin and curled back up on his chest.

"Guess we're also sleeping with the lamp on then, huh?"

"Shhhhhh..." Steve was already asleep.

Steve's eyes snapped open to see the face of a sleeping Billy above him. The room was light from the lamp in the corner but outside it was still dark. Billy's mouth was slightly open and his hair was fanned out behind him like he was in a shampoo commercial. If it wasn't for the jawline and the stubble, he could have been mistaken for a very beautiful woman. He was already very beautiful. Steve had always thought that, now more than ever. The clock on the shelf

behind the bed showed that it was 4:07 am. Steve would never get back to sleep now, but he was okay with that if he got to look at Billy in peace. He couldn't see a single flaw on the boy's face, even the yellowed bruises from Tommy's fist only added to Billy's overall attractiveness in Steve's opinion.

One of Billy's eye's opened a tad. "Hey, pretty boy."

"Don't move." Steve couldn't help it.

"Why?"

"You look so pretty." Billy smiled.

"Whilst that's really sweet," Billy yawned, "I have a really itchy neck, so I'm gonna have to." Billy moved the arm from round Steve's waist to the back of his head and rested it there.

"Never mind, you're still hot."

"Bitch I'm always hot. Even when I'm covered in my boyfriends drool." He pointed to the small wet patch in the middle of his chest. Steve responded by licking the spot.

"Better?"

"Sure." Steve planted a sleepy kiss on Billy. And another. And another. Then a long one. Then he turned over, one leg on either side of Billy's hips and began nipping and sucking at Billy's neck.

"I'm okay with early morning making out." Billy said from under Steve. "I wouldn't mind waking up to this every morning." Steve worked his way down Billy's body, kissing down his chest, his stomach, lingered on his hips, and slipped down Billy's underpants.

"You sure, princess?"

"Shhhhhh." Steve said softly. Billy was hard in anticipation and Steve looked up to see a slightly surprised expression. Steve experimentally licked the tip. He's accidentally tasted himself on Billy occasionally, but never had tasted someone else. Billy was warm and slightly salty, precum, as he found out, was a little bitter. 'Good to know' he thought to himself. He licked from the head up the shaft and heard Billy's breath hitch just slightly. He slipped the tip into his mouth and sucked a little. He tested out slipping it a little further into his mouth. About three and a half inches in, over half way, he felt his gag protest, so stopped before he got cocky. 'Ha, cocky.' Steve joked to himself. Slowly, he experimented with bobbing his head, aware that Billy was being used a little bit like a guinea pig here, but how else was Steve to learn. With the length Steve was depriving, he used his hand to caress it, whilst focussing his mouth movements on the first

few inches. It was messy, a few times Steve getting overly confident and making his eyes water a little, but after not too long, Billy's breath became rapid.

"Steve, any second." Billy warned. Steve wasn't sure what to expect so as Billy came, hot, thick liquid hitting the back of his throat, Steve didn't feel too embarrassed that he gagged a bit, but managed to swallow the lot regardless. It didn't taste great, but then again it wasn't made for human consumption so Steve didn't feel too weird about it.

"That's the first time you've used my first name in over three months."

"What was that, princess? I was a bit distracted by how you just sucked me off."

"Never mind, just don't get used to it."

"Do you want me to return the favour?"

"Nah, it's okay, I just wanted to make you feel good."

"God, Harrington. You're so..."

"What?" Billy was doing that weird smile again, like he was thinking something secret. Like he knew something Steve didn't. "What is it?"

"You're so...much. I have so much to think about when it comes to you. There's so much of you. And I love all of it."

"You calling me fat, Hargrove?" Steve smiled up softly, laying back down on Billy's chest, still on his front so he was looking at him.

"Bitch, you're skinnier than most chicks I've slept with."

"Thanks, I think."

"Hey Harrington?"

"If you call what I just did gay I think I'll actually snap your dick off."

"Aw, now you sound like me."

"Fuck you, Hargrove." Steve said sleepily.

"I've taught you so well."

## 28. Inderpendant (wo)Man

Summer was fast approaching, Steve was beginning to tan like he always did by the late weeks of April. It was beginning to get warm but still had a cool breeze keeping the air fresh. Steve parked his car in the parking lot outside his block of flats and slipped into the cold surroundings from the air conditioned lobby. The stairs up to his apartment were a bit grubby but it was quiet and the front door was locked to non-residents. Steve climbed the three flights up to his door and swung it open to find Billy, as always, in the kitchen, cigarette hanging from his mouth, tank top half translucent from sweat, cloth slung over one shoulder and jeans hanging low on his hips. Since Steve had got himself a place, just a little less than a month ago, Billy had hardly left the kitchen. The fridge was full of experiments and works in progress. Most of them were total failures in Steve's opinion but he couldn't bring himself to throw them out. Billy had practically moved in, only going home at the weekends to maintain a relationship with his family. Steve was pretty sure if he offered Billy would jump at the chance to move in officially, but they'd only been dating five months or so and it all seemed a bit premature. He did have a draw in Steve's bedside unit, as well as his side of the closet. Half the products in Steve's bathroom were Billy's. Looking around, Steve could see more of Billy's possessions than his own, but Steve never did own much stuff, and the stuff he did own he was in the habit of burying in drawers and closets.

The apartment was quite open plan, the kitchen, dining and living area all without walls, a small corridor to the right where Steve's bedroom and bathroom were located and Steve was also lucky enough to own a loft which he was in the process into turning into a space for guests to stay. This was mostly for Billy's benefit so Max could stay, but it'd be nice to have the option regardless. It was modest but Steve considered it home and since his dad was paying rent, he could maintain himself on a simple job at a record store doing just two shifts a week. If he could he'd make sure his shifts fell on the weekend so Billy wouldn't be home alone, but on this specific week his first shift just happened to be a Friday evening.

"What's cookin' good lookin'?" Steve purred wrapping his arms around Billy from the back.

"Thought I'd try stir fry again."

"Oh God, do we need the fire extinguisher on standby?" The last time Billy had attempted a stir fry he'd left the wok unattended and set the oil alight. Even with all the windows open, Steve could still sometimes catch a whiff of charred chicken and cabbage in the air.

"Fuck you, Harrington, that's what. Anyway there's been no flames so far."

"Wow, Hargrove, you're practically professional."

"How was work?" Billy asked as he sprinkled unidentified herbs into the wok as Steve slipped off his trainers and hung his coat on the hook by the door.

"Incredibly dull. That kid came in again and sat and listened to Easy Lover on repeat for over 20 minutes and then left without buying it. Again."

"Maybe you should just buy him a copy? That way you wouldn't have to watch him bop from behind the counter."

"He looks right at me. Who makes prolonged eye contact with a store clerk like that?"

"Sounds like he has a crush."

"You think?"

"Don't go getting ideas, Princess." Billy turned off the hob and tipped the concoction into two bowls. Steve chose to ignore the fact his kitchen constantly looked like a bomb site when Billy was round.

"Urgh, he's like Max's age, no thanks." He sat on the sofa and flicked on the small television as Billy passed him a bowl with an array of vegetables and what was hopefully chicken and a fork. Steve began shovelling the food into his mouth and was pleasantly surprised that apart from the chicken being slightly overdone and the vegetables being slightly too crunchy, it actually tasted fine. "Well, I consider this a success." Billy smiled over his bowl.

"Ya think?" He grimaced slightly and pulled out of his mouth a ropey length of celery.

"Mostly." He felt the crunch resinate through his skull as he chowed into a partially raw carrot. "Still, can't hurt to have more than one hobby, right?"

"You decided on a colour for the bedroom yet?" Billy swiftly moved the conversation on. Steve shook his head. Billy persuaded him to make the place as homely as possible rather than "letting him live in his preferred state of Prison Cell Chic."

"If I'm honest, this whole decorating thing is totally lost on me. I don't get it. Why does anyone care if I paint my bedroom magnolia or



barley white or clotted cream or fuckin' clean cotton? Who's paying attention?"

"I am, Harrington! I'm the one who has to fuck you whilst looking at your awful fuckin' bedsheets and your mismatched curtains."

"Does my paisley offend you?"

"The real question is why you purchased that shitty green colour in the first place?" Steve had thought the "chartreuse paisley pleated drapes" had looked rather fetching in his white walled, blue striped bed covered bedroom. Billy had not agreed and had almost led to a screaming row.

"We've been over this," Steve said prodding Billy in the side with his socked foot. "It's not 'shitty', it's muted."

"More like mutilated."

"Fine. If you're so against my choice of drapes in MY bedroom, you do it."

"What?"

"You take over renovations. If you are so opinionated you can take responsibility for them."

"Fine, I will."

"Fine." Billy cracked a small smile. at Steve's pout. "What are you smiling at?"

"You. Now eat your undercooked, overcooked stir fry and shut up." They fell into comfortable silence, staring at the news in front of them, reporting on a mundane story about the new coca cola recipe.

"Ew, yeah, you tried that new shit? S'like cat piss."

"Can't say I have any prior knowledge of cat piss, B."

"Hey princess?"

"Yes, sweetheart?" Steve smiled sweetly.

"Fuck you."

## 29. At this point i don't even know how to name these.

“Hey, B.” Steve opened his front door to see Billy, shirtless on a stepladder, paint roller in hand.

“Ooh, come come come! I made a decision about the bathroom!” Billy grinned and placed down the roller on it’s tray. His jeans were splattered with an array of colours and he had paint all up his arms, on his face, a little in his hair. There were dust sheets over half the furniture in Steve’s apartment and the whole place was in chaos, but Steve like it. Billy had never seemed so happy.

“Okay, okay, wait a sec.” He took off his shoes and shoved them under the dust sheet so they wouldn’t get all painty and followed Billy to the kitchen where he had several catalogues splayed across the countertops.

“I was thinking white for the fitted stuff like the bath and shit, but then I saw the blue. What do you think?” Steve wasn’t thinking anything apart from how cute Billy was when he was focussed on something, and as he looked up from his catalogue he caught a glance of Steve’s gaze.

“I think we need to watch our cash, but you’re right I like the blue.”

“Me too.” They just looked at each other for a minute. There was that look again. Steve was still trying to figure it out. Billy broke eye contact and looked back at his book. “And tiles? I bookmarked a few I liked. If we go for coloured fittings maybe something less busy than something like that?” Steve wasn’t paying attention.

“I love you.” Steve blurted out. He hadn’t meant to say it, but he realised then how true it was. Billy looked up and closed the catalogue. There was a long pause as Billy just stared at Steve. “What? What is it?” Steve began to feel a bit uneasy. He couldn’t work out what Billy was thinking. Was he tearing up? “Listen, B, don’t freak out-“

“I love you too, asshole.” Billy turned back to his catalogue. “So maybe a white base with a blue pattern for the tiles, but I don’t want it looking busy.”

“Billy.”

“And I’m gonna want a hard floor because carpet in bathrooms is fucking gross.”

“Billy.”

“I think a blind rather than curtains.”

“Billy.”

“But then we could always just get frosted glass and then it won’t be all dark.”

“Billy, for fucks sake.”

“What?” Billy looked back up.

“Do you mean it?” “Of course I mean it.”

“Then why are you brushing over it?” Steve was so confused. Billy had looked so sincere when he’d said it, but now it seemed like he was trying to forget about it.

“I just don’t get why it’s a big deal, I thought it was just unspoken knowledge, didn’t realise you wanted me to confess my soul to you, you’re the princess, not me.”

“Why are you being such an asshole about this?”

“Because-“ Billy caught his temper. Steve appreciated how much effort Billy was making to keep his anger under control. “Because you made me soft, Harrington.” Steve didn’t understand him. “Shit, I used to be such an asshole, you have no idea. And then you walked in. Fuck, Harrington, I like myself so much more when you’re around. And all that shit last autumn and how fucking cool you are with it, just fucking dealing with it, shit dude, I’ve been having nightmares for months about what we went through, and you just fucking take it in your stride.”

“Nightmares? Why haven’t you said anything?” Steve had never seen Billy like this, and it scared him a little.

“I’m the strong one. You made a bitch outta me, Harrington. I don’t cry, I don’t get upset, I get angry and now I find myself hating that part of me, when I used to thrive on it.” Billy walked over to the couch under the dust sheet and leant on it. His face crumpled as tears started to leak from his eyes.

“I’ve never loved anyone like this. What have you done to me, Harrington?” Steve walked over to him and wrapped his arms around him tightly. Billy reciprocated and allowed Steve to hold him. “I love you so fucking much. God, you’re such an asshole.” Billy chuckled wetly and Steve smiled into Billy’s bare shoulder.

“I love you too.” He pulled away and kissed Billy slowly and lingeringly. “You’re right about carpeted bathrooms, by the way. Maybe blue and white checks?”

"Princess?" Billy called from the bedroom.

"Yeah?" Steve had pulled the dust sheet halfway off the couch so he could sit down.

"Do you wanna get take out?"

"Okay, but why are you calling to me from another room?" Steve got his answer as Billy walked out of the bedroom, butt naked and a pizza box hugged to his crotch.

"Did a Mr Harrington order a hot sausage pizza?" He cracked a wide grin. Steve just stared at him, mouth slightly open.

"Is-is your dick actually in that box?"

"Why don't you open it and find out?" Steve got up and crossed the room to where Billy was posed.

"Where'd you even get a pizza box?" Billy rolled his eyes.

"That's really the question you thought was most appropriate right now?" Before Steve had a chance to come up with an answer, the door buzzer rang. "Saved by the bell, pretty boy." Steve walked over to the handset and picked it up.

"Yello?"

"Hey, Steve."

"Oh, hey, Nancy." Steve widened his eyes at Billy as he made no move to cover himself up. "Yeah, I'll buzz you in." Steve pressed the button and hung up the handset. "It's Nancy and Jonathan. Put some clothes on, idiot."

"Why?"

"Because you have your dick in a pizza box and Jonathan is easily startled, quickly, they'll already be on their way up and the doors on the latch."

"You're no fun, Harrington." Billy went to turn and re-enter the bedroom, but then the front door opened and it was too late.

"Hey- oh, my God." Nancy shielded her eyes. "Is this a bad time?"

"Don't worry, Nancy, I was just going." Billy winked at her. Jonathan was staring intently at the floor. "Could you get the door, Jonathan, dear, only the breeze is a bit chilly." Billy turned and disappeared into the bedroom.

"Hmm," Jonathan nodded and swung into action, slamming the door.

"I was just telling him to get dressed. Sorry, Nance, I should have warned you."

"What were you guys even doing?" Nancy furrowed her brow, a smirk covering her mouth.

"Don't look at me like that. It was totally innocent."

"Hmm, okay, if you say so." Nancy smiled knowingly and shed her coat, taking Jonathan's and hanging them beside Steve's. Billy reemerged with his jeans slug low on his hips. "Here come's the guilty party." she nodded in Billy's direction.

"You should be ashamed of yourself. Imagine if that had been Max." Steve chided. Billy just shrugged.

"She's walked in on me in the shower more than once, Susan won't let me get locks on the doors and she always has those massive headphones on.

"You know it's your fault she playing music so loud, B." Steve chuckled. Billy smiled proudly. Jonathan still looked a bit uncomfortable. "You okay, Jonathan? It's okay, you're safe now." Steve grabbed his shoulder jokingly. Jonathan chuckled and looked up at them.

"Never seen that much of a grown man before." They all laughed as the mood lifted slightly.

"We were gonna get take out, you in?" Steve got up and went over to the phone.

"Sure," Nancy called over her shoulder. "Pizza?"

"You got it."

"I'll have a Hawaiian." Jonathan said. Steve and Billy made eye contact.

"Good choice," Billy slapped Jonathan on the back. "Me too."

"Can I be boring?" Nancy called.

"Don't worry, you and me both." Steve replied.

### 30. Steve fucks the Queen of England

“So Tina’s having a party tomorrow, you two in?” Nancy said, closing the empty pizza box.

“Sure, sounds good.” Steve said leaning back on the couch with his hands behind his head.

“It’s not another fancy dress is it?” Billy grimaced. “Last time I didn’t even try and now I have a feeling I’d have to down a full keg of beer for those guys to get off my dick about it.”

“Like that’s an issue.” Jonathan huffed.

“What you tryna say, Byers?” Billy leant forward.

“Honey, I think what Jonathan was trying to say is that your binge drinking is impressive and commendable.” Steve smiled sweetly at Billy.

“That’s what I thought.” Billy grinned. “Speaking of which, who wants a beer?”

“Sure, go ahead and empty my fridge.” Steve scoffed as Billy flipped him off walking over to the kitchen.

“Fuck you, Harrington, I bought these beers out of my own pocket so how about I don’t get you one and you shut the hell up your mouth.” Steve just winked and made no attempt to hide himself checking Billy out as he leant down to get a bottle out of the fridge.

“Urgh, you guys are becoming That Couple.” Nancy scrunched up her face.

“Says you, Nancy and Jonathan, the golden couple of the year.” Billy slumped back down on the couch next to Steve and swung his arm round his shoulder, bottle in his other hand. “People don’t even know we’re dating for the most part.”

“Ha, that’s bullshit, people know, they’re just terrified Billy’d kick the shit out of them in front of everyone.” Jonathan commented.

“Hey, first of all, I punched Tommy first, after he punched Billy in the gut, secondly, people are scared of me too.” Steve crossed his arms sulkingly.

“Whatever you say, princess.” Billy took a gulp from his beer.

“Fuck you, Hargrove.”

Considering spring break was coming to an end real soon, Tina’s party felt spookily similar to her Halloween one six months prior. Steve’s life had been totally minced and stuffed back together in the

last half a year, and being back at Tina's with a similar song booming from out of the windows only reminded him further of this fact.

"You get Deja Vu being back here?" Nancy whispered.

"Absolutely and to a worrying degree." "Good, me too." Jonathan said from next to them.

"What are you fuckers on about? I hardly remember any of this place." Billy smirked walking past the three of them.

"That's because you were wasted before you walked through the front door." Steve just rolled his eyes and followed Billy up the front steps. The four of them slipped into the house almost unnoticed.

Almost.

"Ayyyyy, the keg king's here!" A nondescript jock slapped Billy on the back and passed him a red solo cup. "Ah, and he brought the rest of the royal family! Including the princess." He winked at Steve condescendingly. Steve already regretted being here.

"Hey, bud." Billy put his arm around the guy's shoulder brotherly.

"You talk to him like that again and I'll break your fucking legs." He said lightly, smiling at the dude. "Alright, you have a good night." He slapped him on the back and sent him on his way. He turned back to Steve. "Only I get to call you that. Understand?" He said softly into Steve's ear.

"Loud and clear. Now, go get me a drink, or I'll go and flirt with the most muscular dude I can find."

"Oh, sweetheart, I am the most muscular dude in this entire house." He waltzed off into the crowd.

"That boy. Might actually kill me." Steve said to no one in particular.

"If he does, can I have your tapes?" Jonathan ask from beside him.

"What? No way, you already got my ex. Pick your battles, dude." Jonathan nodded softly and shrugged.

"Yeah, that sounds fair."

"Hey, Jonathan, there's nibbles!" Nancy called from the table across the way. Jonathan turned and sauntered toward her, snaking his arm round her waist. Steve was glad they hd each other. They seemed happy and they were good for each other. Looking back, Steve wasn't sure how Nancy and him survived for so long, thinking about it they were incompatible in so many ways. No doubt, he loved Nancy dearly, and he loved having her as an integral part of his life, but Jonathan was just who she was meant to be with, and Billy was his Jonathan.

Billy was his Jonathan. He liked that. He kept a mental note of that

for later reference.

"Didn't know what you wanted so I just got one of any bottle I could find." Billy emerged from the crowd with an armful of bottles.

"You're my Jonathan." Steve blurted out. He's gotta stop doing that. It's becoming an issue.

"What?"

"Nothing, I'll take the raspberry cider. They make raspberry cider?"

"Huh, so they do. Yeah, that looks about right. Just girly enough to gain exactly zero respect from your peers when they see you drinking it, but exactly enough alcohol content for you to get pissed enough for you to explain what you just said to me but now instantly regret."

"Hand it over, Hargrove, before you drop all those bottles and Tina tells you to leave." Billy passes him the bottle and puts the others on the 'nibbles' table.

"Well, whilst you crack open a beverage made almost exclusively for pussies and fags, I'll go ahead and grab a beer. Like a dude." Billy flashed a toothy grin at his boyfriend. "Boy, for a top you certainly drink like a bottom."

"Thank you." Steve knocked back the bottle. "Oh, shit. Taste that." He handed Billy the bottle.

"Fuck, that shit tastes good. Maybe pussy drinks are better than I thought."

"Just cause I don't like drinking paint stripper doesn't make me a pussy."

"Uhh, yes it does. Come on, pretty boy. I think I heard someone say Tina'd put a bunch of gay shit on this mixtape. Should be right up your ally.

As it turned out, Steve nor Billy had the slightest clue how to dance to anything that wasn't on their own collection that was constantly playing in the flat. Steve had stopped up half the night putting together a mixtape of all their favourite songs. Highlights included Freedom by Wham!, Africa by Toto, Panama by Van Halen, and Billy's new favourite, Relax by Frankie goes to Hollywood, mostly for it's explicit gay undertones, but also because it bopped real hard.

Turns out, Tina was more of a Madonna kinda girl, something totally lost on Steve.

But then, just as the cider was beginning to kick in, like God was watching down on them, Careless Whisper began to fill the room like a saxophone laden sex dream, enveloping Steve in George Micheal's silky tones. Steve felt it in his soul, or maybe that was the alcohol,



but either way, he was singing along, without shame and Billy was looking at him like he'd gone insane. He didn't care, and as the chorus rolled in, he grabbed Billy's waist and clumsily began swaying the two of them side to side. Billy just laughed at him lightly and went along with his escapade, joining in with Steve's wonky singing. Steve was so happy. He had a place, a job, a guy, and not just any guy. Billy Hargrove. The right guy. His Jonathan. His queen of England.

"I'm fuckin' the queen of England!" He cried over the saxophone.

"Whatever you want, princess."

"Cider gets me drunk fast." "It sure does, pretty boy."

"What I mean is, you're my Jonathan." He tried to explain.

"Yeah, no, more confused."

"Okay, so," Steve says calmly as Phil Collins begins to blare. "I wasn't right for Nance. Which means she wasn't right for me. But then she found Jonathan. And that's better. And I found you. And it's better, it's the best. Like the Queen of England. And I'm fucking you. A lot. So. I'm fuckin' the queen of England."

"You calling me a queen?"

"Absolutely."

## 31. Fuck titles honestly, I've ran out of cool ideas

### Notes for the Chapter:

this is pretty much entirely smut you're welcome -  
people i know irl don't interact

They fell through the front door of Steve's apartment in a drunken haze, mouths connected, Steve's arm's locked around Billy's neck. Billy threw his jacket on the floor and slammed the front door shut, pushing Steve down onto the couch and hooking his legs over his hips. Shirts came off, followed by jeans, hands running free over each other, lips locked together.

"Bedroom." Steve mumbled. Billy led him to standing and Steve locked his legs around Billy's middle, Billy easily carrying Steve's weight along the hall to the bedroom. There was still a number of dust sheets covering the majority of the furniture, and the room smelt a bit like paint, but the bed was clean, if a little ruffled. Billy laid Steve out below him before resuming his position on top. The room was dark, lit only by the artificial lights from the convenience store across the street.

"Let me try it. Bottoming, I mean."

"You sure, Princess?" Billy looked at Steve, pupils blown.

"I have to see. What it's like." Steve smiled up. He was a bit apprehensive, but he trusted Billy not to do anything he didn't say was okay. If there's one thing Billy was, it was respectful of his needs when it came to the bedroom, always checking and double checking that Steve was okay. That's something Steve really appreciated from his boyfriend. He was still really new to this world and it made him feel a lot safer knowing that Billy acknowledged that fact. "Just, let's go slow."

"Okay, well, first I need to make sure you're aware it's not a comfortable experience."

"Do what you have to do." He kissed Billy deeply. Billy broke away and rolled over to the chest of drawers covered by a sheet. He reached beneath the cloth and took a small bottle out of the top drawer.

"I came prepared. Okay, pretty boy, get those boxers off." Steve shucked off his underwear as Billy returned to his place above Steve.

"God, you're pretty." He slathered his index finger with lube and lowered his hand between Steve's legs. "This shit's cold." His cold finger on Steve's warm skin made him shiver and Billy's finger gently pressed its way into him. He was no deeper than around a centimetre, but Steve was already clenching. "Relax, princess. It's okay. You need me to stop?"

"Don't you dare." In response, Billy pushed in a bit deeper to around an inch. There was a slight burn, but nothing major, and Steve found it even slightly pleasurable. "More." Billy just grinned and pushed his finger in the whole way. "ah, fuck."

"Good fuck or bad fuck?" Billy asked.

"Not sure, good I think." Steve had never experienced a sensation like this in his life. As far as he was concerned, his exits were exits. That shit's one way traffic. Until now.

"You want another?" Billy asked. Steve took a deep breath.

"Mhm." Billy pulled out his finger until just the tip was still inside Steve. Just that sensation sent tingles through Steve. "Wait. Do that again." In answer, Billy slowly returned the finger into Steve and pulled it back out slowly. "Oh, fuck. Yeah I like this." Billy lubed up a second finger and repeated the slow process of introducing the digit into Steve. The burning was beginning to turn to real pain, but nothing awful, still good pain, still pleasurable. It did cause his breathing to hitch slightly.

"Okay, cuz you're new to this, I'm gonna suggest a third." Steve's eyes were closed, but Billy's voice was still completely comforting. He was slowly finger-fucking Steve with two fingers, and the burning was beginning to retreat. The sensation was still entirely overwhelming. "You okay, princess?" Steve nodded.

"Mhm." He truly wanted to talk, but all he could manage was a hum of approval.

"Wow, two fingers and you're coming apart. Should I be worried that you'll actually break into pieces?"

"Uh, mmhhh-yea-uh-ummmm." Steve sounded out. He heard Billy chuckle lightly in response. He slowly added a third and soon Steve was a writhing mess. Suddenly, a jolt of electricity shot through Steve as Billy pressed a little deeper into Steve than previously. "Agh, Um, again, unnh, please."

"Okay, found it I guess." Billy pulled out his fingers swiftly, leaving Steve whining beneath him. Steve rapidly fell silent as he felt Billy's dick pushing lightly into him. "Stay still, princess." Steve tried so

hard not to move, but the sensation was so much, he felt like Billy was filling up every nerve in his entire body. It felt so alien, but so good. Billy slowly, very slowly, agonisingly slowly, eased himself into Steve.

“Fuck, just do it, i’m going insane.”

“He speaks!” Billy mocked.

“Now is not the time to take the piss out of me.” Steve flicked hips up into Billy, forcing Billy deep into him, hitting that spot within him, causing him to gasp.

“Okay, you comfortable?”

“Not in the slightest, but I literally have a dick in me so just go for it.” Steve squeezed his eyes shut as Billy began to gently pump in and out.

“Oh, man I can’t believe it took us this long to do this.” Billy murmured into Steve’s neck.

“I love you, I love you so much. Oh fuck, don’t stop. Oh God.” Steve’s mind was splurging all his inner thoughts out.

“Ah, yeah, okay.” Billy found a rhythm and it didn’t take long for the two of them to climax, one after the other, falling into silence, with nothing but gasping breaths and shifting sheets to be heard. “Okay, pretty boy, that was pretty good for a first fuck, right?” He eased out of Steve and rolled to the side. He flicked on the lamp, and Steve slowly opened his eyes.

“Yeah, it was okay, I guess.” Both of them had mad sex hair, plastered across their faces and their bodies still glimmered from the sweat covering both of them. “I’m gonna take a shower.”

“Good luck walking, Harrington. Fucked you good and proper.” Steve sat up and hobbled next door to the bathroom.

“Yeah, well, I took it like a man.”

“You sure did.” Billy winked as Steve shut the bathroom door.

## 32. Chapter 32

“Hey, sweetheart.”

“Hey, Mom, how are you?”

“I’m okay, sweetie, I miss you though.”

“Well, me and Billy were wondering if you and Dad would like to come over this weekend for dinner?” There was a long pause as Steve waited for a response down the phone. He knew his mother was gesturing wildly at her husband, probably having a silent argument.

“That would be great, honey. Saturday at six?” Steve tried to stay optimistic, that his father would actually come this time, but he prepared for the worst.

“Sure, it okay if Billy cooks? He’s hardly ever out of that kitchen.”

“Sounds lovely, well I’ll see you then.”

“Okay, Mom, see you soon. Love you.”

“Love you too.” Steve hung up and looked at the mess of his apartment. Maybe that was a bit premature of an offer to his parents, the flat was no way near ready, but he was just so desperate for his parents to understand that Billy wasn’t going anywhere. Billy was currently doing the school run for Max, and wouldn’t be back for half an hour or so. The living room hadn’t yet been painted, so Steve decided to remove the dust sheets until after his parents had been. He pulled them off the furniture and neatly folded them, then he did the kitchen, which Billy had begun to paint but hadn’t touched for a few days. He put the rollers and paint cans away in the storage cupboard and decided to leave the bedroom, seeing as that was Billy’s current place of interest and his parent’s wouldn’t be seeing in there anyway. He had a few days before his parents would be there but he still felt the need to begin the process. This was really important. From his mother’s tone there was a real possibility that his Father would be accompanying her this time. He’d just assumed Billy would want to make dinner, but thinking about it, that was a lot of pressure. He made a mental note to review that when Billy got home. He flicked the stereo on, bored of the silence the empty flat brought. He didn’t like the place when it was just him. This had become his home, but it didn’t feel that way if Billy wasn’t there with him. Billy was home now.

“Hey, Princess, what are you up to?” Billy opened the front door and

set his keys in their usual place on the top of a small bookshelf.

"Invited my parents round on Saturday. I said you'd cook but if you don't wanna that's totally cool." Steve turned the television off and got up to kiss Billy hello.

"Sounds good to me, but I'll be out until four, is that cool?"

"Oh, yeah that's fine. Where ya off to?"

"Said I'd take Max and the freaks out for the day, you wanna come?"

Steve hadn't seen any of the kids properly since new year, so it would be nice to see them.

"Sure, what are we doing?" Steve plonked back on the couch as Billy took off his jacket and hung it up.

"Max keeps going on about this film that one of the kids saw over the spring. The Breakfast Club or something? Lucas wants to take her. I said no way unless I go. She said only if the rest of them can come. Figured that was better than letting my thirteen year old sister get groped in a cinema."

"Oh yeah, I saw that advertised. Looks like good fun. It's a fifteen though." Steve said as he put his arm round Billy's shoulders and turned the TV back on.

"After the shit those kids have seen, I doubt a little swearing is gonna do them any harm."

"Good point, well made. Is Dallas on tonight?"

"Nah, don't think so, anyway it hasn't been the same since we found out who shot JR. I just don't care anymore. Let's watch a VCR instead."

"Good call. You wanna make food or shall we order in?"

"I should probably cook. We're gonna get fat if we don't watch it."

"Speak for yourself, Hargrove. My waist is as trim as ever." Billy chewed on the end of his cigarette and grinned at his boyfriend.

"I'll do some food if you're hungry." Billy said warmly.

"I'm not hungry, you hungry?"

"No."

"Do you want take out?"

"Yes."

"Me too." Steve smiled fondly as he got up and Billy slapped his arse cheekily.

"It's your turn to choose what we watch." Steve told Billy.

"Can I just watch you?" Billy put out his cigarette stub in his ashtray.

"But then what would I watch?" Steve smiled.

"You could give me a strip tease." Billy smirked and quirked an eyebrow.

"In your dreams." Steve rolled his eyes.

"It is, actually." Billy smirked. "Well, if I can't have a strip tease, I guess I'll have to take you out tonight."

"Is that so?" Steve raised his eyebrows.

"Lets go get a drink."

"Sounds great, apart from the fact you're still underage until mid May."

"Not that kinda drink, dipshit."

"Oh, well I'm sorry for assuming that Billy Hargrove, keg king, was talking about alcohol."

"Shut your mouth, Harrington, and it's a surprise so shut up and get your jacket."

"Yes Sir." Steve made a mocking salute motion and threw Billy's jacket at him before putting on his own.

Steve walked through the doors to the milkshake parlour more than a little surprised.

"Milkshakes?"

"Yes, good observation."

"Like middle schoolers? Or freshmen couples?"

"Hey, there is nothing wrong with milkshakes. They're both delicious and nutritious. Mostly delicious." The place was practically empty, apart from a few kids a little younger than the two of them. Billy sauntered into the pastel parlour and up to the gleaming glass counter with an extensive menu on the back wall. The girl at the till had a little red and white apron on and her hair was pinned back under a pin and white paper hat, not unlike that of a nurse.

"Welcome to shake-n-shack, what can I get you boys?"

"Well," Billy glanced at her badge. "Audrey, I'd love a mint-chocolate shake -large, naturally - and for the guy who's currently checking out my ass," Steve blushed and looked away. How did Billy know without turning round? "He'll have a Strawberry." The girl giggled.

"Is that a large too?"

"Oh, yes." Billy winked. The flustered girl went about making the shakes as Steve and Billy slipped into one of the bright red plush booths.

"Were you flirting with the waitress?" Steve asked.

"Why, you jealous?"

"What, no." Steve crossed his arms defensively and Billy grinned knowingly. "That was entirely unnecessary."

"Fun, though. Hey, you know I flirt with everyone. If you want I can make it very clear that I'm spoken for."

"No, then I look like an asshole."

"Or, we get a new compadre who's looking for a cute gay couple to befriend."

"I'm definitely cuter." Steve pouted.

"Hmm, lets find out." The girl came over with their shakes. "Thanks, hey Audrey, I was hoping you'd be able to settle something me and my boyfriend here were wondering."

"Oh, shoot!" Audrey's face lit up. Steve could see a strand of her blonde hair coming loose from under her hat and she tucked it behind her ear.

"We were just wondering who you thought was cuter?" Billy grinned from the corner of his mouth. Audrey giggled and brought her hands up to her face.

"Oh, wow! How am I meant to answer that?"

"You can be honest. But if you choose him," Steve gestured at Billy, "I promise he will never shut up about it. Ever." Billy gasped at him, feigning horror.

"I'd never!"

"In that case, I guess I'll have to go with you!" Audrey rested a hand on Steve's shoulder.

"Ha! Suck it, I knew I was cuter. I'm Steve, by the way, and this is Billy."

"That's not fair, you swayed her choice. That's not true democracy!"

"Well, I better get back to my job, else I won't get paid, but be sure to pop in more often. I work ever workday evening."

"Hey, Audrey, you in high school?"

"Yes, actually, the same as yours actually. I lied a little, I know who you are."

"Well Audrey, it was lovely to finally meet you, we'll see you in school." Audrey walked away, back to her counter and the two of them turned back to their drinks. "She was nice." Steve said.

"I think we made a friend."



### **33. Billy and Steve don't like someone and then watch a film**

As it turned out, Billy and Steve had zero classes with their new friend, however, now they were looking out for her, she seemed to be everywhere. Audrey seemed to have a very tight knit group of friends. There was four of them in total. Audrey, a girl with deep auburn hair right down her back, a black girl with her hair in tight buns on either side of her head who also just happened to be in Steve's honours chemistry class, and a Chinese girl who Billy said he recognised from the town library.

"I didn't know you went to the library?"

"Well, before I had you as a distraction, I was a total bookworm. Not much to do 'cept read and drink. Your old friends are so boring, dude."

"Tell me about it."

"Still have a book in my car for when you're taking an age in the morning. In the glove box."

"What are you reading?" Steve stole Billy's juice carton that he wouldn't have drank anyway because it was from concentrate and Billy hated from concentrate.

"It's new, I only just started. It's called The Handmaid's Tale." It's fuckin' weird man. Not sure what it's about yet. From what I gather it's like this super dystopian world where men control women and she's like a walking pregnancy tank or something."

"Oh shit."

"Yeah it's pretty grim, but it's written super weird too. Like all fragmented and shit."

"I'll be honest I'm super out of my depth."

"Don't sweat it, I'll talk to Nancy about it, but I appreciate you asking." Billy quirked an eyebrow and looked at something behind Steve. "Look, it's our new friend." Steve turned to see Audrey approaching them with a slightly nervous looking girl with her long auburn hair trailing over her shoulder.

"Hey, guys. How are you?"

"We're fine thank you, Audrey. I was trying to talk to Steve about literature but the poor soul is totally useless at anything that doesn't use numbers."

"Hey, that's not true. I'm good at Geography."

"Hey, sweetheart?"

"What?"

"That is numbers, baby."

"Don't patronise me." Steve pouted at their lunch table and the Audrey giggled. He friend gave an awkward smile.

"Hey, Steve, Billy, this is Rachel."

"Hi, Rachel." Billy winked. "Nice to meet you."

"Audrey hasn't shut up about the two of you all day." Rachel said flatly. "Honestly I was a bit nervous coming over here after what you did to Tommy but I agree with Audrey, you're not a problem."

"Yeah, well, bitch deserved it." Billy smiled without his eyes. Steve could tell he did not like Rachel. She did seem a little rude. Like she didn't really want to be talking to them. Well, Rachel, the feeling is mutual.

"Well, it was lovely to meet you, Rachel. See you later, Audrey." He grabbed Billy's tray as well as his own and whisked Billy away from the girls before he could say something rude.

"What was that for?" Billy asked probingly.

"You were gonna say something you'd regret." Steve looked at him sideways.

"Was not. Never say anything I regret."

"Yeah and that's why you get into so many fights. I have a study period next."

"Me too."

"You gotta pick up Max?"

"Nah, she has AV club tonight so Susan will probably come get her. Nerd."

"Says you, Mr. Librarian."

"Jut cuz I occasionally read." Billy took out a cigarette and started down the prefect he was making eye contact with from across the hall.

"Can that not wait the ten feet before we get outside?" Steve whined as Billy lit it up.

"No, actually, it can't. That girl really got my hackles up. Not a problem? The fuck that even mean?" The two of them exited the school and swiftly crossed the tarmac to the car park.

"You think she's gonna beat us up?" Steve quirked a smile.

"God, I hope so." Billy beamed back round his cigarette.

Saturday came quicker than first expected, before Steve knew it he

was herding a group of thirteen year olds into the cinema, wrestling Dustin to get through to pay for tickets. When he's gone to pick them up, half in Billy's car, half in his own, Mrs Byers had asked specifically that Will stayed with Steve. This had hurt him a little bit, but Billy understood that it was because the kid had been through a lot, and Steve had more experience with the Upside Down. Mike and Eleven had joined him, with Luke, Max and Dustin with Billy. It was weird, Steve felt like a mother all over again.

"Alright, dipshits. One popcorn between two, no drinks except water in the theatre and if no one makes a mess Billy and I'll take you for ice cream after." He chose to ignore Mike and Lucas squabbling over whether sweet or salty popcorn was superior. It was obviously salty, for the record.

"And if anyone talks through the film I'll be making good use of Steve's bat when we get out." Billy added ominously. Dustin and Lucas saluted sarcastically before rushing off to the popcorn stand, money in hand. Billy went to get the tickets whilst Steve tried control Eleven from throwing a "mouth-breather's" popcorn into the air with her mind.

"What did the dude even do?" Steve said to Eleven as she turned towards him.

"Pushed in."

"Oh, okay, yeah, no, go for it. Fuck that guy." Steve nodded and purposely turned away as he heard a shriek and the sound of popcorn falling like tiny salty hailstones made of air. "I just let Eleven assault someone with her mind for pushing in, please tell me you're having more luck." Steve said to Billy as he waited at the ticket booth.

"You any idea how much money eight cinema tickets is? A lot. At this rate I'm gonna have to get a job." Billy handed the spotty kid behind the counter the green bills and got in return a long stream of pink and white tickets.

"Okay, shit stains, lets go!" Billy smiled.

The film, in Steve's opinion, was brilliant. One of the best he'd ever seen. The kids also seemed to enjoy it, apart from Eleven who kept whispering to Mike asking what was happening. Steve supposed the entirety of her childhood in a government facility meant she wasn't really familiar with the concept of teenage life, nor detention, school or, y'know, the overall concept of the film. Mike diligently explained, patiently at that, with minimal disruption to those around him, so

Steve didn't find himself getting frustrated with him either. The soundtrack was also amazing, and Steve had a bit of a soft spot of Claire and John, seeing many cheesy parallels between them and his relationship with Billy. Billy did call him princess, after all.

"So?" Steve asked Billy as they walked out of the theatre.

"I had a crush on Andrew." Billy grinned.

"I'm more of a John kinda guy. But objectification aside?" "I liked it. We should go alone some time."

"I like that idea."

"Less expensive too." Billy lit up a cigarette he'd obviously been craving since some time during the film.

"Steve?" Dustin came up and tapped him on the arm.

"Yeah, buddy, you okay?" Dustin was looking a little peaky to say the least.

"I totally ate like two whole buckets of popcorn. I really don't thin ice cream's a good idea."

"You're an idiot, but we'll get you some water when we get a table, okay bud?"

"Yeah, did you like the film?"

"Yes, actually. I was impressed, I'm not gonna lie."

"Me too. Is that really what high school is like?"

"Sorta, less easy to get a girlfriend though." Steve smiled at Dustin. He looked over to see Billy with his arm around Max's shoulder. He was so glad they got on nowadays.

When they walked into Shake-n-shack, Audrey wasn't working. The kids didn't eat as much ice cream as Steve was expecting, apart from eleven who ate her own, most of Mike's and almost the entirety of Will's without pausing. Steve didn't understand where she put it all, but thankfully Steve's wallet didn't suffer too much as a result. Steve and Billy sat separate from them, sort of as a reminder to both the kids and to themselves they weren't there to babysit, they were there to organise. "Like older siblings- or honorary older siblings in my case- should." Steve checked his watch. It was half three.

"Shit, B, if we are to get the kids back and then be ready for six we need to go like now."

"Fuck, uh, okay EVERYBODY DROP YOUR WEAPONS- UH- SPOONS Lets go, okay, move it move it." Billy ushered the slightly sticky children back to the cars and the drop off process began.

### 34. Billy serves pasta and Helen is a supportive mom

“Hey Princess?” Billy called from the kitchen.

“Yeah?” Steve was currently frantically cleaning the bathroom. Billy had a habit of leaving a trail of empty product bottles in his wake when he was getting ready in the morning. So far, Steve had found three empty toothpaste tubes and four shampoo bottles shoved in the corner of the work space. Steve wasn’t even aware they’d got through that much.

“Is pasta okay? We don’t really have time for culinary excellence.”

“Yeah, that’s fine but just don’t do spaghetti. My dad has a thing about spaghetti.”

“A thing?” Steve walked though clutching the myriad of bottles he’d discovered. Billy turned, cigarette in mouth, spatula in hand.

“Yeah, apparently it’s made purposely so that it flicks sauce onto his shirt or some shit. It’s dumb but he’s so stubborn about it. Put a ban on my mother making it when I was fourteen.” Steve shoved the bottles into the bin. “Since when did we use that girly shampoo.”

“We don’t. I do. It’s better for your hair and there is nothing girly about jasmine.” Steve just smiled to himself.

“If you say so, B.” He placed a kiss on Billy’s cheek and got the colander out in preparation. “Just so you know, it’s half past five. I’ll set the table.”

“Use the nice shit I got, the old stuff is gross.” Steve furrowed his brow. “Don’t look at me like that. You got it cheap in a car boot sale and it’s all rust stained and grimy.”

“How about I use the nice shit because I want to and not because you continually insult my cutlery purchase.”

“Whatever, Harrington, do what you want. It’s your parent’s we’re gonna disappoint, not mine.”

“There is nothing wrong with car boot sales. S’were I got most of the bedding. And the TV.”

“You seriously got the bedding from a car boot sale? Someone could have died in that.”

“If you haven’t noticed, I don’t really have the money to buy everything new, and don’t forget the TV.”

“Yeah, yeah, the TV whatever. You let me sleep in dead people sheets.”

“It’s clean, I washed it, and I bought it off a middle aged woman so it

was probably not a dead persons.”

“‘Probably’ is not good enough, pretty boy. I’m sleeping on the couch until you get new stuff.”

“Good luck with that, I got the couch from a charity shop. Donated by a closing down hospice so someone almost definitely died on that.”

“Urgh, we live in a graveyard.” Billy fake gagged and filled a pot with water. Steve chuckled to himself over his melodramatic boyfriend. It was weird setting the table, they usually just sat on the couch, or occasionally at the breakfast bar in the kitchen. Rarely did they sit formally at the table. Steve started thinking. Would he rather sit next to Billy or opposite him. Definitely next to. The idea of making awkward eye contact with his parents on either side of them made him cringe.

Not long after, there was a buzz, and it was showtime.

“Okay, don’t swear, if my Dad’s here don’t be flirtatious like at all. Be as boring as possible.” Steve flattened his hair and briskly walked over to the head set.

“Sorry, sweetheart, I don’t do boring.”

“Try. Really hard.” Steve picked up the headset.

“Hey.”

“Hi, honey. Your Father’s with me.” Steve’s stomach clenched. Part of him had expected his dad to bail again.

“Oh, that’s great, come on up.” Steve buzzed them in and then stepped away from the door. “Shit, we didn’t buy wine.”

“Are your parent’s really wine people?”

“No, but I’d have liked to have the option.”

“Seriously, Princess, calm down.”

There was a light knock at the door and then Steve’s mom gently opened the door.

“Hey, sweetie. Hey, Billy, nice to see you.” Steve’s mom smiled and began to remove her coat. Steve’s father followed suit, slightly more stiffly.

“Hello, son. Billy.”

“Hi Dad, nice to see you.”

“Lovely to see you both.” Billy smiled and offered to take Mrs Harrington’s coat.

“Thank you, Billy, that’s very kind. So, what have you boys been up

to today?"

"We took Billy's sister and her friends to the cinema, we're not long back actually." Steve smiled and sat down with his mother.

"Well that's lovely, isn't it dear?" Steve's mother turned to his father. Steve's father hung about awkwardly.

"Dad, you can sit down, I mean, you are paying for the rent. It's technically your flat." Steve's father nodded and took a seat next to his wife. Billy retreated to the kitchen. His safe haven.

"Can I get you a drink?" He called.

"Oh, what do you have?" Mrs Harrington replied.

"Your wish is my command, unless it's wine, because your son forgot to buy any."

"You got a beer?" Steve's dad called, surprising pretty much everyone, including himself, according to his facial expression.

"I sure do, and the good stuff too, not the watery stuff Steve favours."

"Isn't it awful?" Steve's dad chuckled back as Billy passed him a bottle. "Tastes like cat piss."

"What is it with the men in my life referring to all beverages as cat piss." Steve muttered.

"For you, Mrs Harrington?"

"You know I really fancy something sugary? Do you have any coke?"

"We sure do, I'll get it." Steve stands up and crosses to the fridge and gets both his mother and himself a can from the fridge. "Do you want a glass, mom?"

"No thanks sweetie, if your father is drinking out of a bottle I'll certainly drink out of a can." Steve smiled and passed the can to his mother. "You doing some renovations, honey?" She gestured to the roller and sheets in the corner.

"Oh, yeah, Billy said my taste was awful so I let him make all the decisions. Apparently green and blue clash, who knew."

"Literally everyone, princess." Billy called. Steve blushed at the name with his parents in the room, especially when his dad shifted uncomfortably in his seat, but it dawned on him how ridiculous that was. His father came over knowing that Billy and he were together, and if he wasn't okay with that, he shouldn't have come.

"Well, I trust Billy to make this place look lovely." Steve's mother smiled sweetly.

"Your mother is a very smart woman, we should invite her more often." Billy smiled from the kitchen.

"Honestly, mom, he's obsessed. You should have seen the argument

we had over paint swatches. I've never seen anyone get so infuriated by different shades of cream." Steve smiled, this was going a lot smoother than first thought. But the night was young, still many things to go awfully yet.

"So, Mr Harrington, what do you do?"

"I'm in business. Insurance, specifically. I sell it to big companies. Takes me out of town quite a lot, but business is good. Actually, I've been thinking of retiring early."

"Oh really?" Steve said with a mouth full of pasta. "You've never mentioned that before."

"Well, maybe just being based in Indiana. I'm getting tired of the travelling, and so is your mother."

"It's just so time consuming," Steve's mother said. "It took us a three day trip for a four hour meeting. It's getting ridiculous."

"And of course we've paid off the mortgage now, so we could afford to take the pressure off a little."

"Oh, well good for you." Steve said. "What will you do with your time?"

"Well, I'll need a hobby, of course. Both of us will."

"Steve could get you a job at the record shop." Billy grinned. Steve slapped his hand playfully. "What? It's good, honest work."

"Just ignore him, Dad, he does it on purpose." Billy just kept on grinning.

"Well, he's a good cook, that's for sure." Steve's mom added.

"Why, thank you, Mrs Harrington. See? Even your mother appreciates my skill."

Steve just rolled his eyes.

Steve's parents ended up staying very late. They weren't leaving until almost eleven.

"May I just say," Steve's mother said, "of all the people my son could have chosen, you were the last person I'd have expected." She took Billy's hand. "But I'm damn glad that he did." She smiled reassuringly at him. "And regardless of what others think, you've stood by him. You're a good man. You have my blessing." Steve began to well up a little, and saw both his mother and Billy were the same. She took the both of them into a hug. "And stop calling me Mrs Harrington, for God's sake my name is Helen." Billy laughed and wiped his eyes.

"Son, I can't say I approve, so don't ask me too, but I'll get there.



Give me time. We'll be okay." He outstretched a hand to Billy which he took eagerly.

"Thank you, sir. You have no idea how much this means to me." Steve's parents left with a promise of coming back soon, and Steve was filled with a sense of warmth he hadn't been aware he was missing.

"Well, that was emotional."

"Yeah, you could say that."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(can I just say I love Helen and if she is really like this I am a new founded Helen stan (I don't know her actual name so I made one up))

HI so I'm not done with this, not at all, its such good fun to write, and all the feedback I'm getting is so positive, but I have SO MUCH school work right now, so just a heads up I might not be as frequently updating from now on. This being said, I am on Easter Break now, so who knows??!! If you want a specific HC that you think I'll like, leave me a comment or send me a message via tumblr. (If you ask for it I'll give it to you) and I'll consider it. Thanks so much love love love xxx

## 35. Chapter 35

“Come to bed.” Steve took Billy by the hand and led him to the bedroom. Billy smiled sleepily.

“What about the washing up?” He smiled.

“The world won’t end because you got laid instead of cleaning a plate.”

“I’m getting laid am I? That’s nice.”

“It sure is.” Steve laid back on the bed and allowed Billy’s hands to creep under his shirt and his legs hooked over Steve’s hips. Their lips locked hotly and Steve moaned quietly. “What do you want?”

“Let me fuck you.” Billy’s words made heat curl round Steve’s crotch.

“Okay.”

“Wait.”

“What is it?” Steve looked at Billy. His pupils were blown with want.

“Let me jerk you off. I wanna watch.” Billy palmed Steve through his jeans.

“Okay.” Steve reconnected his mouth with Billy’s and let his hands wander over Billy’s warm skin. Billy slowly peeled off Steve’s jeans, wrestling them off his feet.

“Stupid fuckers, why do clothes take so much effort to take off? Everything should have a zip along the side for ease of access.”

“Everything? What about like nun’s habits? Or wetsuits?”

“Who are you to say what a nun can and cannot do in her free time, and I’m sure beach sex would be a lot more cinematic if all surfers had a zip along the side. Anyway, Harrington, shut your mouth.” Billy crawled back up the bed and met Steve’s smirking mouth. He began making slight circular motions over Steve’s crotch. Steve groaned, but caught himself before he totally fell apart.

“Don’t mean to be rude,” He breathed out in a rush, ‘But please, just get on with it and stop teasing me.”

“No.” Billy removed his hand completely, and pulled back to watch Steve whine and pout petulantly. His own hand went to his crotch but Billy launched forward and slammed him hands either side of his head. Billy shook his head. “No cheating, princess.”

“I’d never.” Steve said innocently. Billy shucked off Steve’s underpants, whilst he was still almost entirely fully dressed, apart from his shirt, which had been thrown off somewhere between the kitchen and the bedroom. Billy took Steve in his hand and began

pumping slowly. Steve's breath hitched and he perched forward and kissed Billy. Billy began to speed up and soon Steve could feel his climax brewing. He broke away from Billy to breath deeply. Billy sat back and stared in awe of Steve.

"Come for me, Pretty boy." Steve was thrown over the edge, spilling over Billy's hand and give a low moan. Billy didn't move away from Steve, just continued to look at him. As Steve began to recover, he noticed Billy's gaze. He felt so vulnerable, allowing Billy to see his post orgasm self, especially as Billy was still dressed.

"What?" Steve smiled tiredly.

"You." Billy slowly removed his hand, still wet with Steve's cum. "I love you." Steve's cheeks began to get hot, which he recognised was ridiculous, seeing as he'd just came all over Billy, and they'd said it before.

"I love you too." Billy kissed him deeply. "Move in with me. Properly." Steve said against Billy's mouth. Billy pulled away with a furrowed brow.

"You serious?"

"Why wouldn't I be serious? You practically live here already." Billy smiled slowly.

"Okay."

"Okay?"

"Yeah." Steve beamed at Billy and reconnected their mouths. Billy got up, took off his jeans and fell into bed next to Steve. Steve clicked off the lamp.

Billy began moving his stuff in almost immediately, and the image of him with boxes full of his possessions warmed Steve's heart.

"And your parent's are fine with this?" Steve asked skeptically.

"Susan's cool with it, I still need to tell my dad." Billy placed the box on the couch and turned to Steve.

"Maybe you should tell him sooner rather than later?" Billy crossed his arms and huffed.

"I know. I just know I'm gonna get my ass beat and it's really hard to get the motivation y'know."

"What if you did it in a public place? Like right outside the police station?"

"Oh, yeah, hey Dad, I have something to tell you but we have to be right in front of the cops for me to get the balls to tell you, like that doesn't sound super suspicious."

“Suspicious?”

“You know what I mean. It’ll probably just make him madder.”

“I still think you should tell him, B. Will he really hit you?”

“Once he hit me for letting Max stay up past her bedtime, so yeah, he’ll hit me for moving in with my boyfriend.”

“Can I be there?”

“What so you can get beat up too? Yeah, sure, sounds smart.” Billy rolled his eyes and turned back to his box. “Fine, I’ll do it today. But you stay here. And if I’m not back by the time it’s dark, just assume my body’s in a ditch somewhere.”

About an hour later, Billy left for his house and Steve sat anxiously by the phone, waiting for the phonemail from Susan to tell him to rush to the hospital. The phone never rang, and about two hours later, Billy came back, looking a little worse for wear. He had a single black eye and his hair was a little ruffled, but Steve had been picturing a lot worse, so he couldn’t help feeling a bit relieved.

“Well?” He asked anxiously.

“All things considered, that went very well. Lots of “I always knew you were a fag” and “have fun roasting in hell, fucker” but considering I was expecting him to stab me in the throat, he was practically accommodating. Don’t think I’ll be seeing Max or Susan for a while, though. Don’t want to push my Father’s kind generosity of not murdering me.” Steve got up and wrapped his arms tightly around his boyfriend. Billy sucked in air through his teeth. “Careful, princess. Landed a couple on my ribs.” Steve let go a little.

“Sorry, I’m proud of you. Took a lot of bravery.”

“Too right, can we watch a tape now?”

## 36. Chapter 36

“B, how the fuck do you own so many books?” Steve emptied the fourth box full of books onto the bed. He’d stacked what felt like hundreds onto his otherwise empty bookshelves and all of a sudden his flat looked like a library.

“Had to keep most of them under my bed. Dad thought this stuff was for pussies. Ooh, I’ve been looking for that.” Billy took a book about english victorian cuisine out of Steve’s hand and flopped on the bed beside the pile, leisurely flicking through it. “Maybe I should try and make this?” He pointed at what looked like some form of boiled cake. “Yeah, let’s never do that.” Steve continued to rifle through the collection until something caught his eye. “Playboy, really?” Steve smirked and pulled the crumpled magazine from the pile.

“Okay, but there’s a really good pull out. That’s the only reason I kept that one. Usually throw them out once I get cum on them.” Billy chortled to himself and Steve dropped it and grimaced.

“You’re disgusting. You’re a disgusting animal.”

“No seriously,” Billy leant over and flicked the soiled magazine open. “Open it out.” Steve reluctantly pinched the corner of the page and flipped it out. There was a blonde with bunny ears and a leotard running her hands down the chiselled torso of a smouldering dude, tight underwear clinging round his crotch.

“Oh. I see.” Steve’s eyebrows involuntarily rose.

“Yeah, just ignore the weird stain in the bottom right corner.” Billy smiled evilly and Steve scrunched up his nose and chucked the thing in the waste-paper basket.

“Ew, let’s agree to never speak of that again.” Steve returned to the bed. “Babe, we’re gonna have to cut these down a bit. We already have two whole cases full.”

“Okay, well let me go and review what’s already out there.” Billy got up off the bed and went out into the living room. “First of all, my classics are staying, just in case you decide you actually want to correct your uncultured upbringing. But all these can go.” Billy returned with an armful of biographies and geography journals. “Had a thing for geography in my early teens. Don’t ask me why.”

“I like geography.”

“I know, baby. And that’s valid. But these can go.” Billy kissed the top of Steve’s head and went back into the hall. Then something else

caught Steve's eye.

"Hey, B? What's this?" Steve pulled out a leather bound journal with a leather strap fastening around it.

"Uh,-" Billy came back through with a few more tattered novels. "Oh, that? Nothing, but let's keep it."

"Can I open it?" Steve went to unfasten the front.

"Uh, no, I- umm. No thanks, let's just put it away." Billy took it off Steve quickly and scratched the back of his head uncomfortably.

"Hey, what's up?" Steve turned and took Billy's shoulders in his hands.

"Nothing, it's just that's my mom's journal. She never went with out it. I've never opened it."

"Okay, well let's put it on the shelf, shall we?" Steve gently took the book back off Billy and took it out into the hall. He slipped the journal onto the shelf by the front door between *Catcher in the Rye* and *The Great Gatsby*. "There, now she's here for us to see." He smiled softly at Billy watching him from the doorway.

"Thank you." Billy said quietly.

"Anyway, what else have we got in here?" Steve resumed his position in the bedroom sorting through the mess. "if you get a bag from the kitchen we could take these books down to the library."

"Hey, princess?"

"Mm?" Steve turned to Billy, watching him.

"I love you."

"I love you too, now stop ogling me and move your cute lil ass." Billy just smiled and disappeared round the corner.

They ended up with two full bin bags of books for the community library. They loaded up Steve's car as it had a bigger boot and began the short drive.

"So I've been thinking." Billy stated.

"That's dangerous." Steve grinned. Billy just huffed.

"About what happens after school."

"You having second thoughts about college?" Steve glanced at Billy. He nodded.

"It's just not me, ya know?" Steve nodded in understanding.

"Thought I might do my mechanics training. I love cars. I like making things work. Good money. Local. Still be around for Max. Always thought I'd move back to Cali after I was independent you know, maybe I still will. I don't know, just feels like a good thing to do."

“Okay, well good, because I’ve been thinking too. I don’t really want to do the college thing either. I mean for now I’m steady. Got a job, got a place. I’ll have to talk to my dad, but if you get a job then maybe we can start renting the flat properly.” He smiled at Billy and he smiled back. “And,” He thought out loud as the pulled into the library parking lot. “If you really want to go back to California, then maybe that’s something we could look into.” Billy blushed a little and looked down into his lap.

“You’re spoiling me, princess.”

“Yes I am, and for that you can carry both bags of books. Seeing as it is your crap.”

“Charming as ever.” Billy chuckled as he stepped into the late spring sun.

As they walked into the library office where the donations counter was situated, Steve noticed the girl looked very familiar.

“Isn’t that Audrey’s friend?” Steve whispered.

“So it is.” Billy smiled, pretending not to be bothered by the weight of both bags. “Hey there, we have a sizeable donation for you.” The girl looked up, brushing her short black bob behind her ears and readjusting her thick rimmed glasses. Billy had mentioned her previously, and she beamed up at the two of them.

“Hey, thanks so much. You’re friends with Audrey, right?” She got up from her desk and took one of the bags from Billy.

“Why, yes we are.” Billy smirked at the girl. “I’m Billy, and the pretty one is called Steve, although I usually just call him dollface.” Steve just rolled his eyes.

“Steve’s just fine.” He smiled flatly and extended a hand to shake hers.

“Lin.” She grinned and took his hand. She looked through the bag briefly. “Oh, man, there is some really good stuff in here, you sure you want rid of it all?”

“Well, I recently moved in with the doll over there and he says I can’t keep it all.” Billy said smugly and Steve blushed just a little. Lin frowned at him. Billy just looked amused at that.

“In my defence, he has so many books. Like so many. He filled up two whole book shelves with just his stuff, and this isn’t even all that’s left. These are just the ones he’s willing to let go of.” Steve gestured at the bags.

“Wow, you really don’t want this?” Lin pulled out the biggest book

Steve had ever seen. "War and Peace is a true classic." Billy nodded in defeat.

"Russian history just isn't my thing. Could never make it past about half way."

"You think they'll mind if I steal this for myself?"

"Go for it." Billy smiled. She placed the brick-like book on her desk next to the pile of other vaguely familiar titles cluttering up her station.

"So, how do you know Audrey?"

"Billy chatted her up in a ice cream parlour and then she said I was cuter." Steve said victoriously.

"HEY!-wait no, that's actually exactly what happened, my bad." Billy grinned at a slightly confused Lin.

"That actually sounds exactly like Audrey." Lin giggled. "Wow, you guys are such good friends, you hang out together, you're roommates, I wish me and my best friend were that close." Steve shifted uncomfortably, unsure of what to say to that. He just assumed with how blatantly Billy was flirting with him that it was obviously they were a couple. "Are you both single too?" Lin grinned. Billy's brow furrowed and he looked at Steve with a little smile on his face.

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm real sorry to break your heart, but we're a pair of massive homos." Billy giggled out. "That hunk of ass over there is all mine to eat." Lin's face fell, just for a second.

"Oh, you're together?"

"We are indeed." Billy leant on the desk behind him.

"And you like live together and stuff?"

"Yep."

"But you chatted up Audrey?"

"Billy's just a slut." Steve smiled.

"Yes I am." Billy crossed his arms.

"Oh, well. Thank's for the books." Steve could tell that was their cue to leave.

"No problem, see you around Lin. Nice to meet you." Steve caught Billy's elbow and ushered him out of the library. "Don't say a word until we are in the car." Steve said out of the side of his mouth. He heard Billy huff indignantly. As the car door shut, Billy's tight posture relaxed.

"FUCKING BITCH." Billy exclaimed. "Someone our age being so icky about two dudes. Ugh, get over yourself."

"It's a small town. This isn't Cali. I think you forget that sometimes."



Billy crossed his arms. "Are you gonna put your seatbelt on so I don't get arrested or are we gonna sit in this carpark for the rest of our gay lives?" Billy reluctantly pulled on his belt.

"Fuck Hawkins."

## 37. Chapter 37

Grocery shopping with Billy was an ordeal Steve could only put up with on a weekly basis. Steve was an efficient shopper. He went with a list, stuck to it, and got out of there as quickly as possible. Unsurprisingly, Billy was not. He loved to browse for deals, rifling through the bargain buckets for shit he didn't really need.

"Billy, you don't even like chickpeas."

"Yeah, but they're cheap and they might come in handy." Billy chucked the tin into the cart and rushed off to the next aisle. Steve just rolled his eyes and sighed, following with the already full cart.

"Babe, we're on a budget."

"That's your prerogative, not mine." Billy smiled and placed a bag of rice into the cart. Steve allowed it as it was already on the list, not that Billy knew that.

"Well, if I don't have enough to cover this then you'll have to chip in and then you won't have enough for that tape you saw yesterday."

"Oh, yeah, good point, princess. I'm not missing out on Van Halen for chickpeas. Would you put the tin back whilst I get some bread, honey?" Billy put the can in Steve's hand and whipped the cart round the corner and out of sight. Steve was beginning to lose his temper, but they were yet to have a proper argument and Steve wished to keep it that way, so shoved the tin anywhere and hurried after his boyfriend. He found Billy chatting up the girl stocking the bread shelf.

"Hope this one isn't giving you too much trouble?" Steve smiled cheekily and placed his hand around Billy's waist as he approached the two of them.

"Gillian here was just telling me they have a great deal on wholemeal this week, isn't that right?" The girl blushed and nodded and she shoved a pallet of loaves onto the shelf.

"Two for one." She said quietly.

"That's great, but you don't like brown bread, B." Billy ran his tongue over his teeth.

"Maybe I've changed my mind, like you said, we are on a budget." Steve shrugged.

"That's cool with me." Billy placed two brown loaves into the cart and gave one last wink at Gillian. "Really?" Steve questioned. "Are you really concerned about our budget?"

"No, and also you're right, I hate brown bread." Steve just smiled to himself. Billy seemed real smooth, but in actuality he was a big awkward mess who was unable to say no to someone.

"We can swap it when she's done."

"Thanks, doll." Billy slapped Steve's ass playfully.

"Hey, public place." Steve tried to keep a straight face. He failed.

The actual shopping was the lesser of two evils. Putting the stuff away, in Steve's opinion, was a twisted and unique form of torture. It was much like the shopping process, Billy checking over everything with intense focus, never losing interest, Steve prising each thing out of his hands to put in the cupboard. It took just as long as the shopping process, the only relief being that they could listen to their own tapes whilst they did it. However, even this was ruined today, due to Jonathan lending Billy his english rock mixtape, something Steve could only tolerate in short bursts. He had no idea why Jonathan was so enamoured by the whiney nasal voice of Morrissey. The Smiths were so negative. Why would you want to listen to such a sad man go through a very public mental breakdown? Billy seemed indifferent to it, and sure, some of it was okay. He and Steve were both very taken by one band that Jonathan had very recently told them about. The Cure were just flamboyant enough for Steve's taste, and just heavy enough for Billy, and they had really been taken with the selection Jonathan had shown them. Eventually the pair got to a place with the groceries that the end was in sight, and Steve began to relax a little.

"Are you cooking tonight?" he said to Billy who was studiously checking the use by date on a packet of dried pasta.

"Sure." He murmured.

"You okay?" Steve leant on the side board and Billy placed the pasta on the counter and looked at Steve.

"It sounds really dumb, but that chick in the library really upset me. Her whole posture changed. Like she'd just found out we had a fuckin' disease or something. I'm surprised she didn't cover up her mouth like we were gonna infect her." Steve didn't know what to say. He'd hardly been surprised, and he was so used to the weird looks now that he just assumed that Billy was too. "I'm used to getting shit, people calling names, fuckin' punching me in the face, threatening me, threatening the people I care about. And that's fine. It's straight forward y'know. I'd literally rather she'd called us both fags and told

us to get out than that weird polite bullshit. I've literally never felt dirtier than that moment. Like she thought we were beneath her somehow. Like we were fuckin' sub-human." Steve nodded in understanding. It was like people whispering about him behind his back. Somehow that felt worse than them downright verbally abusing him.

"Hey, let's go find Audrey. Let's fuck up her friendship." Billy smiled.

"Damn, Harrington, that's borderline evil. I'm almost proud." Steve stepped forward and pressed a lingering kiss to Billy's mouth.

"Put that pasta away and then we'll go see if she's working. Else she'll be in school tomorrow." Billy smiled softly. "And she's the bitch, not us." Billy nodded gently as Steve moved away. "I'll drive. And no more of this crap." Steve gestured to the stereo.

"Not a fan of The Clash?"

"The Clash? I thought it was the Smiths?"

"Nah, it's not whiney enough." Steve chuckled at Billy's rationale.

When they got to the ice cream parlour, there was a spotty kid behind the till, in a similar hat to Audrey's, an identical apron and stripy red and white slacks.

"Hi, welcome to Shake-n-shack, what can I get today?" The dude spoke flatly, obviously he'd been there a while.

"Hey," Steve said. "Is Audrey working today?" The boy shook his head and looked a bit confused.

"No, didn't you hear? It was on the news this morning."

"What? What was on the news?" Steve and Billy looked at each other with newfound concern.

"She's been missing since last night."

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hi laddies, lemme know if you're enjoying this! xxx

## 38. Chapter 38

"Her parents said she never came home from work, this place was shut all this morning, crawling with cops."

Steve was dumbstruck, unsure with what to do next. "Oh, man I'm so sorry."

"Nah don't worry about it, meant I got to start an hour late."

"Not about the shop being shut, dumbass, about Audrey." Steve wanted to punch the guy. Billy was staying very quiet. "Look, do you know anything else?" The guy shook his head.

"Didn't even really know her. Didn't share any shifts or anything. Sometimes saw her on payday." Steve threw up his hands in anguish. "Great, great, thanks for all your help." He turned and walked away with Billy following close behind. It wasn't until they got back in the car that Billy turned to Steve.

"Don't think this has to do with what happened in November do you?" Steve half nodded.

"Had crossed my mind, either way, we're gonna go find Hopper."

The police station was worryingly empty, just a few people milling around the small office area. The receptionist informed the two of them that Hopper was out on a call and said he wouldn't be back for a while, but they were "quite welcome to sit in his office, if that's the sort of thing that butters your parsnips, boys." She looked between them suspiciously, and Steve felt Billy's hand round his waist flex protectively. Steve thanked her primly and asked her to get a message to him, saying it was about the missing girl. "Well if you have information, I can always give you a witness form to fill in?"

"No thanks, ma'am, we can wait." He smiled flatly.

Hopper's office was a total shambles, paperwork decades old spilling off his desk onto the floor. There was a collection of abandoned coffee mugs in the corner, as well as an array of apple cores rattling round in the bin.

"Living the dream, Hop." Billy jested as he flopped into the desk chair. Steve raised his eyebrows in agreement. "If this to do with the Upside Down, what does that mean about that happened in November? I thought Eleven said she'd sealed the rift?" Billy asked thoughtfully.

“Well maybe she did, but how did it open in the first place? Maybe there’s another? Or maybe the original rift weakened the wall? Like how a wall that’s been patched up is significantly weaker than the original brick?” Steve suggested.

“Or maybe, we had no idea what we were doing and we totally fucked the whole thing up. How the hell are we meant to know how this shit works, most of it was guesswork based on a kid’s board game. It was virtually the opposite of science, it makes literally no sense in the confines of our understanding of the universe, and the majority of the people involved in the whole thing aren’t even old enough to buy scissors on their own.” Billy gestured wildly and lit up a cigarette. Steve rubbed his face tiredly.

“Of course, it could just be that someone snatched her, or she ran away.”

“In this town? The last person to go missing was that chick Nancy was friends with once. And she was killed by Upside Down demon monsters or some shit.” Steve went to disagree, but found nothing to argue against.

“Whilst you’re right, the likelihood that some creep bundled her into the back of a van or something is, in my opinion, equal to that of her being snatched into a hell dimension and ripped apart by flower face demons. Just keeping our options open.” He put his hands up in surrender to Billy’s look of slight disgruntlement.

“Harrington, Hargrove.” Hopper nodded at them and took off his hat as he entered his office, not too long after their discussion.

“Hopper, we need to know. Was Aubrey’s disappearance anything to do with the Upside Down?” Steve pushed off his position leant against the desk, Billy didn’t move from his place in Hopper’s chair. Hopper huffed.

“Short answer? No idea. Long answer? Hargrove get out of my chair and I’ll explain the situation.” He glared at Billy who reluctantly pushed himself out of the chair and rounded the desk to flop into the hard plastic one opposite. “She finished her shift at work at 8pm. She left through the back entrance so that her boss could lock up, then between the shop and her house she disappears.”

“Have you asked Eleven? Maybe she could sense something?” Steve suggested.

“Or Will? I know the link was broken but if it’s creeping through again, maybe he’d feel something?” Billy asked. Hopper shook his

head.

“Not yet, still making sure it wasn’t just a mundane kidnap or runaway case. Don’t wanna freak out the kids if I don’t have to. For Will, especially, I think that would be really traumatic.” Steve nodded in understanding. “Even the lab’s closed down now, so we can’t even check with them. The place deserved everything it got, but it’s totally left us in the dark. At least they monitored the damn thing.”

“Have you considered the fact that if it is anything to do with what went down in November, it’s probably way more serious than before, to have deteriorated this bad over less than six months? That shit’s getting stronger. And we don’t even understand the damn thing. Like Will and that other girl, Barbara? They were just fuckin’ snatched out of nowhere. And this shit’s just potentially snatched someone else, after we literally burn it out of the ground with real actual fire and real actual psychics.” Billy exclaimed.

“Yes, thank you, Hargrove, that had crossed my mind.” Hopper sighed, and rubbed his temple like Billy had just induced a migraine. “Okay, here’s what’s gonna happen. Neither of you are gonna say anything to Nancy or Jonathan, especially not to the kids, you’re gonna keep quiet about this whole thing until I can say that for definite the girl’s disappearance isn’t just due to some psycho or teenage hormones, okay? I don’t need Joyce Byers smashing in my door full of question, at least until I have a few answers. You aren’t gonna flip out about this, because it could just be nothing, and once you’ve promised me that, you are gonna go home and you are gonna make sure neither of you are left alone for any length of time. Now, is this clear?” The boys nodded. “Great, now go away.” Steve and Billy filed out without a word, feeling a strong instinct to obey and not ask questions.

“I honestly don’t know what we expected.” Steve stated as he unlocked the car.

“Well it’s Hopper so it’s never gonna be reassuring, nor optimistic.”

“At least we aren’t totally overreacting.”

“After the shit we’ve seen, there’s no such thing.”

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

hooray, there's a plot! TBH the beginning of this was me just "correcting" the second season, then I was having so much fun with Harringrove headcanons I

sort of forgot to write a story. So, you're welcome for a loose writing structure now lol. (also I have no idea what's gonna happen in season 3 so this is all from my own brain lol, sorry if it's rubbish.) xxx



## 39. Chapter 39

“So Max wants me to go to Cali with her to see her Dad in a couple weeks. Susan won’t take her.” Billy said, head in the fridge. Steve was stood at the sink, doing washing up, marigolds and all, seeing as Billy loved making the mess, but downright refused to clean it up. Steve didn’t really mind, he found cleaning therapeutic, often finding himself doing housework for no good reason even when he lived with his parents.

“Hm?”

“It’s a long drive, could be three days, depending on the conditions.”

“Oh yeah?” Steve glanced up from the sink, to Billy still with his head shoved deep into the fridge, as if he was avoiding eye contact.

“You wanna come? I could do with someone to help with the driving. Plus I don’t think I could stand being in a car alone with Max for 32 hours.” Billy finally removed himself from the fridge, along with a beer and looked over at Steve. He kept a totally neutral expression, raising his eyebrows slightly.

“Uh, yeah. Sounds like fun. Have to get a couple weeks off work.” Steve smiled. Billy’s poker face broke out into a smile.

“Oh man! I gotta get on that road trip mixtape. Maybe you could pick up some good stuff tomorrow in the shop?” He kissed Steve on the cheek, which made Steve blushed. Steve thought about how ridiculous that was, seeing as forty minutes prior he’d had his dick up Billy’s ass. Steve nodded.

“You’ll have to write me a list, else I’ll just pick up the stuff I listen to and then you’ll shout at me for picking up six of the same tape.” Steve chuckled as Billy rolled his eyes. “Speaking of which, when does your apprenticeship start?”

“Start of summer. My dad’ll be so proud he has a mechanic fag for a son.” Billy cracked open the beer bottle and placed it on the side for Steve when he’d finished washing up. Then he retrieved another, and opened that one for himself.

“Well I’m proud of you. You’re gonna look so sexy when you come home all oily.” Billy smirked at that. “But I swear if you get the couch grubby i’ll personally castrate you.” Billy wriggled his eyebrows.

“Is that a threat, Harrington?” He walked up to Steve and placed a light kiss on his lips before leaving the kitchenette for the living room.

“What’s on the TV on a Thursday?” Steve called over his shoulder.

“Dust, currently.” Billy jested. Steve scoffed.

“I don’t see you dusting it, Hargrove.” Billy didn’t respond, but Steve could sense the silent chuckles coming from him.

“Seriously, I really don’t think there’s that much, actually. Murder, She Wrote, I think. Or Thunderbirds?” Steve scrunched up his nose.

“Not really feeling either of those, to be honest.”

As if the universe was listening, the door buzzed.

“You expecting someone?” Billy said, turning to Steve. Steve shook his head. “Me neither.” Billy placed his bet down and crossed to the front door. He picked up the handset. “Yep.” There was a couple seconds pause. “Woah, woah, Nancy, slow down. I’ll buzz you in.” Billy pressed the button to unlock the front door and put down the handset. Steve gave him a perplexed look. “I think she knows about Audrey.”

“And Jonathan?” Steve removed the rubber gloves and rounded the counter to the living area, beer in hand. Billy just shrugged. Nancy slowly opened the door. She didn’t say anything, she just crossed the room, and hugged Steve tightly. Steve hugged back and eventually pulled away.

“Where’s Jonathan?”

“With Joyce and Will. That girls disappearance was on the news. It’s really spooked them all. I just couldn’t be on my own. I think her name is Andrea, Steve what if it’s our fault, what if we did something wrong? We have to find Hopper!” She grabbed Steve’s hand and began to pull him towards the front door.

“Woah, Nancy. We know, and w’ve already spoken to Hopper.” Billy caught her before she got to the door. Nancy turned to him.

“Wh-what? You guy’s knew?” She dropped Steve’s hand.

“Her name’s Audrey, she worked in the ice-cream parlour on seventh. She’s in the year below you. As of yesterday, Hopper had no evidence for or against the fact that it had anything to do with the Upside Down. He told us just to wait. I’m sorry, he said not to say anything just in case it was nothing. But, if the press has hold of it, I guess she hasn’t turned up.”

Nancy slumped on the couch.

“Oh God. What if this is like Barb? What if she just got snatched and she’s dead and we’ll never see her again.” Billy knelt beside her.

“Okay, Nancy, I get that you’re freaking out and shit but I’m asking you to not do that. I’m gonna need you to snap out of it and be all

strong and independent. So take some deep breaths and take a second to get your shit together.” He paused for a moment, to give her time to breathe. “Okay?” She nodded. “Right, second port of call is making sure the kids are fine, most importantly, Eleven. Maybe she can tell us something?” Steve nodded.

“Nance, do you think Jonathan would be willing to help us out?”

“I don’t know, I don’t think he’d want to leave Joyce and Will.”

“Well, we’ll just have to do with phone consultations then.” Billy strode over to the phone, and took out the little pad on the book shelf below full of numbers. Steve took over Nancy hugging duty, kneeling beside her and holding her hands.

“Hey, listen. For all we know, she might just have been murdered by a human being.”

“Hey, Princess, maybe don’t use murder as a tool to comfort someone.” Billy began tapping in the first number. Steve nodded and shut his mouth, Nancy just smiled sadly. “Hey, Susan, just checking in. Yeah I’m good. Hey, could you put Max on real quick? Thanks.” He paused whilst Max came to the phone. “He squirt, you cool? Listen, a friend of ours has disappeared and we have no idea if it’s anything to do with November, so just don’t go anywhere alone until we find her, okay. Don’t freak. We already have Nancy having a mild panic attack. Mhm. Yeah, well I’m phoning around to let people know, but just in case just mention it around?” Okay. Yeah.” Billy glanced up. “Yeah, he’s fine.” He smiled at Steve. “Alright, love you too.” Billy hung up. “Okay, one down. Only fifty million left.” He flicked the page in the pad over.

“Can I get you a drink?” Steve asked Nancy softly. She nodded.

“Something with alcohol, preferably.” Steve got up to riffle through their limited drinks shelf.

“Rum? We have some coke?” Nancy nodded.

“Don’t be shy with the alcohol, it’s been a long day.” In the background, Steve could hear Billy on the phone.

“Good evening, Mrs Sinclair, My name is Billy Hargrove, I’m Max’s brother. Could I speak to Lucas briefly? Oh, no, he’s not in any trouble, in fact it’s the opposite. He’s such a good friend to my sister.” Billy made eye contact with Nancy and rolled his eyes at her, miming a puking action, making her giggle. Steve passed her a glass. “Lucas? You heard about a girl going missing? Yeah well we’re unsure if it’s anything to do with the Upside Down. Sin-sin-sinclair- oh for fucks sake, Sinclair come back.” He smacked the handset back on the

holster. "Piece of shit rushed off to radio the others." Billy rubbed his eyes tiredly. "Oh, whatever, that saves me a job I guess."

"What about Eleven? You think Hopper will tell her?" Nancy asked, taking a sip from her drink.

"I'd hope so, seeing as she's arguably in the most danger." Steve said, crossing his arms, sat next to Nancy.

"I really thought after last time that that would be it. I can't bare the idea of doing it all over again." Nancy's voice hitched.

"I know, Nance, I know."

## 40. Chapter 40

It'd been two days, and neither of them had heard anything. School was torturous, it felt so trivial knowing what they knew. Nevertheless, they forced themselves in every day. However, on Wednesday morning, there was furious buzzing. Steve groaned and peeled his face off of Billy's bare chest. He sat up blearily and checked the clock. Six in the morning. An ungodly hour. He pulled on a pair of jogging bottoms, which may or may not have been Billy's, and stumbled through to the front door. He clumsily picked up the hand set and mumbled a form of greeting down the line.

"Steve? Steve it's Hopper. Eleven's with me, open up." All of a sudden Steve came to his senses and immediately buzzed them in.

"See you in a sec." He hung up the line and jogged back to the bedroom. "Hey, sleepyhead, get up." Billy groaned, shoving his bare ass in the air as he flipped over. "Whilst I appreciate the view, we're about to have company in the form of Hopper and Eleven, so please put some clothes on or Hopp will arrest you for gross indecency in front of a minor."

"Wha-?" Billy began to come round a little as Steve flung some clothes at his head.

"Seriously, Hargrove, move your ass." Steve pulled on a plain grey t-shirt and went back through to the living room. As the door knocked, Steve swung it open to Hopper and Eleven standing, looking no less bleary and frazzled as Steve was sure he did.

"She had a dream." Hopper said grimly. Steve ushered them in and swiftly closed the door behind them. Billy padded in from the back of the room, looking a little pissed at being made to host guests before he'd even had time to preen himself.

"Hargrove? Didn't realise you lived here now." Hopper furrowed his brow, but let it go fairly quickly and Billy just shrugged.

"What did you see, El?" Steve asked the girl as they all sat on the couch. Eleven swallowed, a focussed look on her face.

"It was a blonde girl, about Nancy's age. She was in an alley, and then she was in the upside down, but, it wasn't. It's like she was taken, but she couldn't get through, like she burned up during the journey. And, whatever came through to take her burned up too. I can help thinking what if I didn't close the gate completely? What if I just created a barrier, so the journey is still possible, just harder?"

Eleven bit her bottom lip and looked at her hands in her lap.

"Hey, what did we talk about?" Hopper ruffled her short hair.

"It's not my fault." Eleven murmured.

"Too right it's not your fault. None of this is your fault." Billy nodded.

"Why do you think you're still getting these images, El?" Steve questioned.

"Well, before I opened the gate, I didn't get any, and then right after I closed it, I didn't get any either."

"So the wall is what? Weakening? Breaking?" Steve asked

"Stretching?" Billy suggested. All three turned to look at Billy. "Well, last November, the very walls of the upside down were living, they had a sort of hive mind. So, hypothetically, if something were trying to get through, surely the whole of the Upside down would cooperate, as it's sort of a shared aim, right?"

"So the wall is trying to destroy itself?" Hopper clarified.

"Yeah." Billy nodded in agreement.

"Okay, so my next question is this. Why did you come to us?" Steve asked Hopper.

"Everyone else is either a minor, has parents I need to worry about, both, or are the Byers. Now that we know it is the Upside Down, I need to be very careful how I deal with them. Joyce and Will especially. We're going to them next, but I need Joyce calm, so we might not go until after school hours. Either way, I'm sorry, but don't talk about this to anyone, not even between yourselves.

"Fair enough. You staying for something to eat? It's Wednesday so pancakes." Billy grinned. Eleven nodded vigorously before even checking with Hopper, and after the night she'd had, Hopper gave in almost immediately. "Great, just give me half an hour to make myself presentable, given the fact you stormed the place at fucking sunrise." Hopper didn't even flinch at the language, but Steve supposed that, as a cop, he saw all sorts.

Pancakes, as always, were glorious. Steve was so glad Billy twisted his arm into splurging on good quality maple syrup instead of the squeeze bottle cheap stuff. It made all the difference. Steve and Billy watched in wonder as Eleven scarfed down four large pancakes in record time, Hopper managing a similar portion in twice the time. Steve and Billy stuck to their normal two pancakes each, but as they cleared the plates away, it wasn't even seven in the morning. Steve

didn't usually wake up until half past eight to make it for the nine a.m bell, but he liked having a little more time. He made a mental note to start getting up a little earlier, one he was sure he'd scrap the next day. Hopper and Eleven cleared out pretty quickly after that, leaving the boys with an hour and a half to get ready for school.

"I haven't been up this early for years. Feels pretty good, actually." Billy rounded the couch to the bathroom, beginning his morning rituals without closing the door, like he did every day. Most mornings, Billy got up half an hour or so before Steve in order to have time for his full beauty regime.

"Don't forget we have gym today." Steve called from the kitchen. "No make up, it'll melt." Billy had started using a little concealer, mostly for himself. At first Steve had thought it was a bit silly, Billy's skin was always perfect, but soon after he realised that if it helped with Billy's self confidence, that's all that truly mattered. And whilst he and Billy knew that, he had a feeling the other boys at school wouldn't quite see it that way, so on particularly hot days, or days when they had gym, Steve tried to remind Billy not to put it on, in case it melted and someone noticed.

"Thanks princess." Was Billy's response. Once Steve had done the dishes, like he did every morning, he went through to the bathroom with Billy and they stood in silence, side by side as they brushed their teeth., like they did every morning. Quiet companionship was one thing Steve really appreciated about living with his boyfriend. Any previous relationships where they'd lived separately felt like they were on borrowed time. Like they had to make the most of every second together. With Billy, Steve felt secure enough to risk standing in silence for there minutes every day. Their relationship had hit a leisurely pace, and it was perfect.

Two sets of clothes, and a brief make out session later, they were both ready for school. Their alarm had only just gone off, but regardless, they left for school.

## 41. Billy wants a fight and Jonathan is a pain in the ass

“Remember,” Steve reminded Billy as they sat in the parking lot, watching the world wake up. “No talking about Audrey. No taking about the upside down at all.” He ran a hand through his hair, he couldn’t help feeling a little bit stressed about having to keep those sorts of thoughts to himself. It was nothing new, having to keep secrets, but he’d always been able to confide in someone, and the thought of having to keep everything to himself until Billy and he were back home was making him a little twitchy.

“Woah there, Princess. Calm down.” Billy smiled and placed his hand on the back of Steve’s neck. The ride into school had been fine, Billy’s loud, obnoxious tape blocking out the thoughts of what may or may not have happened to Audrey. “Listen, if it’s too much we both have a study last, we can always come home early. In fact, I’m all for bunking today, my attendance is getting way too close to being good and I have a reputation to uphold.” Steve smirked at that. Billy was slowly becoming a soft touch. Steve liked it, but it meant people were becoming less intimidated of him, and Billy was beginning to notice.

“We can’t bunk, we have gym, and I’d like to pass all my classes for once.” Steve leant back into Billy’s touch and smiled at the warmth of his hand.

“Fine, if you wanna be a nerd. But I’m gonna have to beat someone up soon so that no one thinks they can fuck with me, and seeing as I’m a big old fag now, I’m gonna have to find something else to pick on people for.”

“Why don’t you beat up the bullies?” Steve offered.

“But I’m the bully, and self harm is never the answer.”

“Okay then why don’t you start self defence classes?”

“But I already know how to defend myself.” Billy furrowed his eyebrows and boxed the air.

“No, smartass, I meant you teach the classes.”

“Yeah, like they’d let me do that.”

“Well, you have been getting your head down lately, and y’know you’re attendance is getting “way too close to being good”, remember?”

“Whatever, man, let’s just go get ready for fuckin’ gym.”

“But it’s not even quarter to.”

“Yeah, guess we’ll be the first ones in the locker room. All alone, with



no one else in there, for a good half an hour..." Billy wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

"Hmmm, interesting, I would rather be early...than late..."

As predicted, the locker room was deserted, and Steve wasn't even through the threshold of the door before Billy launched on him, spinning him round, and smashing him into the nearest wall.

"Down, boy." Steve chuckled into Billy's mouth. Billy's hands were wandering all over Steve's denim clad crotch, and Steve didn't mind at all. He felt Billy's hands go for his zipper, and his breath hitched just a little. Steve didn't think he'd ever get used to the feeling of having Billy pressed up against him. The experience made him feel insatiable. He would never get enough of it.

"I don't think I'll ever get bored of this." Billy whispered. His hand slipped under Steve's underwear.

"Oh God." Steve stammered. "Don't fucking stop, I swear to God." Steve's mouth slipped to Billy's neck and he began sucking at the soft skin.

"I hope you plan on returning the favour, pretty boy." Billy said.

"You got it, just don't stop doing that." Steve breathed as Billy worked him.

"Wow. Um. Hi?" Steve opened his eyes as Billy's hand slipped out of his jeans. Billy turned and they both saw the blushing form of Jonathan Byers stood in the doorway.

"Goddamnit Byers! Every time!" Billy threw his hands in the air, and strode a few steps away from Steve.

"Hi Jonathan." Steve smiled sheepishly, doing up his jeans.

"I was this close to getting my dick sucked, Byers!" Billy made a pincer with his thumb and index finger. "What could possibly be more important?"

"Hey, no one said anything about dick sucking." Steve crossed his arms.

"Let me live my fantasy, Harrington. Not like it's gone happen now anyway. Wishful thinking never hurt anyone."

"How long were you even standing there, Jonathan?" Steve turned his attention to their uninvited guest.

"Long enough to be really, really uncomfortable right now, So probably like 3 seconds before I said anything."

"You waited a whole 3 seconds? Perv." Billy was still noticeably irritated about being interrupted.

"To be fair I was in total shock. Anyway, that's not why I had to track you down, and honestly you should be thankful it's me and not some rando just walking in on you two at it like rabbits." Steve blushed again. "Nancy's gonna love this when I tell her."

"Why are you here, Byers?" Billy pressed.

"Oh yeah, uh... OH RIGHT yes, Nancy said to come find you and say that Mike mentioned something about Eleven having a dream about something last night so we should all be on red alert or something." Billy and Steve exchanged looks.

"Right, well, okay. Thanks Jonathan. We'll be super careful." Steve said, Billy nodding agreeably.

"Wait, you both already knew, didn't you?" Jonathan raised his eyebrows. Billy and Steve shared another look.

"Well, yeah." Billy admitted. "Woke up at 6 am to Hopper practically breaking into our apartment with the kid to tell us all about it." Jonathan scowled.

"Hey, man, Hopp told us not to say anything to you, wanted to keep your mom cool so said he'd tell you after school hours or some shit." Steve explained. Jonathan just sighed.

"That does sound like something Hopper would do." As the bell rang, movement could be heard from down the corridor and Jonathan's body language said that he was itching to get away from the gym before the jocks began to arrive.

"Listen man, we'll explain everything at lunch. Sorry for... everything?" Steve tried to amend. Jonathan just nodded and skulked off towards the rest of the school.

"Can't even get seven minutes in heaven in this damn place." Billy grumbled as he changed out of his flouncy shirt and denim jacket in favour of his white tank gym top. Steve just smirked to himself, knowing full well that the next half chance Billy got he'd be all over Steve like a rash. Boys began filing into the locker room, changing swiftly and shoving their stuff in the closest available locker.

"Morning ladies." Tommy teased. "How's your merry gay day going?" He made a jerk off motion with his fist and a small group of other dudes laughed. Steve just rolled his eyes, he'd have thought Tommy would know to back off by now. Billy on the other hand looked somewhat excited by the new opportunity. Steve already knew he was looking for a fight, as he tended to do when he was sexually frustrated, so he chose to sit back and watch the fireworks.

"Not so good, as it turns out Tommy. Princess and I were jus getting

somewhere,” he returned the jerk off motion, “before we were rudely interrupted by Byers, and you know, I’m in a really foul mood now. But I suppose you’d know all about that from when you walked in on me and your sister back in October, remember?” Tommy stuttered and spluttered for a second. “As it turns out, even a fag can get more pussy than you, tell me when was the last time you got your dick wet? Did your mom help you out as a treat over Christmas? Or do you have to spend your pocket money on a quick shag round the back of Seven-Eleven?”

“Shut your bitchass mouth, Hargrove!” Tommy lurched forward, and a few boys held him back, reminding Tommy the coach would be arriving any second.

“Listen, punk, the gay jokes are getting real dated, so lets just agree you leave us queens alone and I won’t have to break your jaw, capiche?”

“Fuck you.” Tommy spat, but he retreated to the other end of the locker room to finish getting changed.

“Feel better?” Steve asked, still leaning against the wall, arms crossed, enjoying the view. Billy gave him a toothy grin and planted a light kiss on his mouth.

“Mmhmm, much better. Just a shame I didn’t know him out.”

“There’s a time and a place, and right now I just wanna whoop your ass at basketball.” Steve smiled wide as Billy raised his eyebrows.

“Bitch, you wish.” He smiled again and left for the gym.

### **Author's Note:**

4/6/18

Hi there friends I'm aware i haven't updated in a few months but it's #exam season so I'm trying to live my best life and not 100% fail lol. Just a real quick update to let y'all know i haven't forgotten about this fic and i have every intention of coming back to it really soon! My exams finish in little under two weeks and then I'm FREE until uni in September, so even if season3 of ST crushes our little hearts and does something dumb like forcing them both into het relationships with female characters, I've got ya back. xoxo